



THE LIBERTY "76" BOYS OF '76

A Weekly Magazine containing Stories of the American Revolution.

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NEW YORK, AUGUST 22, 1902.

Price 5 Cents.

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CHAPTER I.

DICK SAVES KEENAWHEE'S LIFE.

A wild strange cry rang out on the afternoon air, in the timber bordering the beautiful Mohawk River in eastern-central New York.

It was September of the year 1777, and the region we write of was then almost a wilderness. There were occasional settlers' cabins, but in many regions the wild Indians of the forest roamed, and in addition to this the soldiers of the British army under Burgoyne and the patriot army under Gates were often encountered at the time of which we write.

At the sound of the strange, wild cry, a young man of perhaps eighteen or nineteen years, who was making his way on foot through the timber, paused and listened.

"That was a strange cry," he murmured, "I have heard great many queer sounds in the timber, from wild animals, but never heard anything just like that before."

Again the wild, strange cry rang out, this time with an added accent, a quavering, terrified note, which caused a chill to go through the hearer's form.

"Jove! I must see what that means," the youth murmured. "I don't like to hear it. It sounds somewhat like human voice, but surely it cannot be."

The young man hastened through the timber, going in the direction from which the sound had come.

On he went, walking rapidly, his musket held ready in his hands, for he did not know what he might happen upon.

Again the wild cry sounded, and the youth hastened his steps still more.

Suddenly he emerged from among the trees, and found himself just within the edge of an open space of perhaps two acres.

Near the center of this open space a thrilling scene was being enacted.

One of the actors in this scene was a gigantic black bear, the other was—a red Indian of the forest!

The bear and redskin were engaged in a life and death battle.

The Indian, armed only with a hunting-knife, was making the best fight possible under the circumstances, but it was evident to the sharp eyes of the youth who had come so suddenly upon the scene that the bear would be the victor unless help came to the human.

Probably the Indian would have escaped had he been able to do so, but he was not.

The bear is swifter of foot than a man, and so there was only the one thing to do—fight.

That the Indian had given utterance to the yells was evident, for just as the youth appeared he again gave utterance to one of the peculiar notes.

No doubt terror caused the quaver, and made the yell almost unrecognizable as being given vent to by a human.

The Indian's back was toward the newcomer, so he did not as yet know help was at hand, and he continued to fight desperately.

The bear was clawing him fiercely, and the Indian was striking rapidly and fiercely with the hunting-knife, and although both were wounded, there was plenty of fight in them as yet.

The youth stared at the strange spectacle for a few moments in amazement, and then he walked hastily forward.

"It's only a redskin," he said to himself, "but all the same I can't stand here and see him chewed up by the bear. I must help the poor fellow out—though the chances are that he is one of Burgoyne's redskin allies. No matter, I'll save him from the bear, and then if he is an ally of the British, and gets saucy, I'll kill him myself."

The youth was now within twenty feet of the combatants, and the Indian had not yet discovered his presence.

The redskin was so busily engaged in trying to find the bear's heart with the point of his hunting-knife that he had no time to look around him.

The bear had no doubt seen the newcomer, but it is doubtful if its brute intelligence was sufficient to inform it of the fact that additional danger threatened. At any

rate it paid no attention to the youth, but continued its efforts at clawing the redskin to pieces.

The young man cocked his musket and leveled it.

Taking good aim at the point just back of the foreleg, where, as past experience had shown him it was possible to reach the heart, the youth pulled trigger.

Crack!

The report of the weapon rang out loudly, and with a wild snort of anger and pain the bear stopped clawing at the Indian and began clawing wildly at the air instead.

Around and around the big brute whirled, and then of a sudden down it went all of a heap.

For a few moments the brute kicked and clawed the dirt in a fierce way, and then became still.

Bruin was dead!

"White boy heap good shot!—ugh!"

Thus spoke the Indian, who, the instant he heard the sound of the shot, had leaped back out of reach of the bear, where, knife in hand, he had stood, watching the brute with delighted eyes.

Then, as the animal expired, he uttered the words, and he looked at the youth with as nearly a grin on his face as is possible where the face is that of an Indian, and liberally bedaubed with paint of various colors.

"Pretty fair shot, redskin," replied the youth coolly.

"Ugh! Heap good shot!"

"Oh, I was so close I couldn't miss."

"If miss bear, hit Injun—eh?" with another grin.

"That's right, redskin. I might have hit you; but then if I hadn't shot the bear he'd have finished you, so it was all right to take the chances."

"Oh, yes; heap all right," nodding his head, "and Injun heap much 'blige. Ugh. White boy know who Injun be?"

The young man shook his head.

"Haven't the least idea, redskin."

"Me heap big Injun."

"Is that so?"

The youth, without appearing to do so, kept his eye on the redskin. He was a young man, but was a veteran, and had lots of experience as a soldier on the field of battle, as a scout and spy against the British, and he had more than once fought the red men of the forest. His opinion was that they would do to watch, and he did not intend to give the fellow any chance at him.

"Ugh!" the Indian grunted; "me Keenawhee, the great brave."

The Indian swelled his chest, and looked important.

"Glad to know you, Keenawhee."

"Ugh. An' me heap glad to know white boy. What name?"

"My name?"

"Ugh."

"Dick Slater."

The redskin looked at the youth searchingly.

"Me have heard uv white boy," he said. "Dick Slater, him much big brave! Fight men with red coats on back—ugh!"

"The British, you mean?"

"Ugh. British."

The youth nodded.

"Yes, I have fought the British some," he replied quietly.

"Ugh. Injun know."

"And you, Keenawhee? Which side are you on?"

The redskin hesitated, and looked at Dick suspiciously.

"White boy no shoot if me tell?" he asked.

Dick shook his head.

"No, I won't shoot you," he said. "Go on; are you friendly to the British, or are you inclined to aid the patriots?"

The Indian thumped his breast with his fist.

"Keenawhee great brave," he said, with great dignity.

"So you have already remarked," said Dick, calmly proceeding to reload his musket, but keeping a wary eye on the red man.

"Keenawhee heap good scout; heap mighty fighter."

"Yes, I suppose you are, Keenawhee. What of it?"

"Keenawhee has done much for men with red coats."

The youth nodded.

"So I suspected, redskin. You have been lending aid and assistance to the British."

"Me have help um."

"Exactly."

"But me no help um enny more."

"You won't help them any more?"

"Ugh. Me no help um."

"Why not?"

"Cause Keenawhee owe life to white boy with blue coat."

"Oh, that's all right, redskin," said Dick; "you'd have done the same thing for me, wouldn't you?"

The Indian grinned, while a peculiar look came into his eyes.

"Dunno; mebbey," he replied.

"Maybe, eh?" with a smile.

"Ugh."

"You are not sure of it?"

"Keenawhee not sure."

The youth laughed.

"Well, say redskin," he said, "you are about the most honest Indian I have ever seen. Most all that I have ever seen would as soon tell a lie as to tell the truth, but you seem to have scruples."

"Keenawhee no tell lie," with dignity; "me heap good Injun."

"I'm glad of that. But what are you going to do, Keenawhee? Are you going to quit helping the British?"

"Ugh. Me no help redcoats enny more."

"That's the way to talk."

"Ugh. Me help boys in blue coats, now."

"You'll help us, you say?"

"Ugh. Me help white boys with blue coats. Me your friend, now."

"I'm glad of that."

"Me glad, too."

"And you will help the patriots from now on?"

"Ugh. Me owe bluecoat boy for savin' life. Me help you an' your friends."

"All right; that's a bargain, Keenawhee."

The Indian stepped forward and gravely extended his hand.

"White boy shake han's, an' make friends?"

The youth grasped the Indian's hand and shook it heartily.

"I don't take much stock in redskins as a rule," he said to himself, "but occasionally there is one that can be trusted. This fellow may be one of that sort. Anyway, I would rather have him for a friend than for an enemy, and I'll try to make some use of him."

"Now Keenawhee an' white boy, Dick Slater, great friend," said the redskin gravely.

"The best in the world, Keenawhee."

"Now Injun fight for white boy—ugh!"

"Glad to hear it, Keenawhee," said Dick, but to himself he said that he had doubts regarding the matter.

"Injun glad, too. Ugh!"

"Do you know where the encampment of the British is, Keenawhee?" asked Dick.

The Indian nodded.

"Me know."

"Will you show me where it is?"

"Ugh. Me show!"

"When?"

"When white boy ready. Now—enny time."

"I'm ready, right now."

"Ugh. Follow Keenawhee."

The Indian turned on his heel and strode away, Dick following.

The youth asked himself how the affair would end. Would the Indian be true to his promises of friendship, and work against the British? Or would he betray the youth who had saved his life and lead him into the enemy's camp and be instrumental in getting him captured by the redcoats?

The youth could not answer the questions, of course, but he made up his mind that he would follow the Indian and take the chances.

"He may mean what he says," the youth thought; "he may be true to me and to his promises. I'll give him a chance, and then, if he deceives me, I will put an end to him first of all."

CHAPTER II.

A VILLAIN'S SCHEME.

Onward the two walked, for perhaps half an hour, and then they came to a stop on the top of a high knoll.

The Indian pointed down into the valley of the Mohawk.

"Look," he said; "does white brother see tents, and smoke of campfires?"

"Yes," replied Dick. "I see the tents and smoke."

"That camp of men with red coats."

"Ah, it is, eh?"

"Ugh."

"I'm glad to know that."

"Now what does white brother want?"

"I want to find out what the British intend to do; where they intend to go."

"Keenawhee fin' out for white brother."

"Do you think you can?"

"Me can fin' out."

"How?"

"Me go into camp."

"Ah!"

"Men with red coats think me friend—ugh. They no hurt me. No 'fraid to talk 'fore me. Me listen—hear much. Then me come back an' tell white brother."

The youth hesitated.

Could he trust the redskin? He looked at the Indian searchingly, and finally decided to risk it.

"All right, Keenawhee. You go along."

"Ugh. Heap good."

"And shall I remain here?"

"Ugh. Stay here."

"How long will you be gone?"

"One hour—mebby two."

"All right; I'll wait. But don't delay any longer than you can help."

"Me come back quick as can."

"Very well; and see here, Keenawhee, no fooling, remember!"

"What white boy mean?"

"I mean that you must not play me false."

"Me no play white boy false. Me honest Injun—good Injun. White boy save Keenawhee's life, he like white boy—no play trick."

"All right, Keenawhee. I am going to trust you, but if you play me false, I will kill you, as sure as my name is Dick Slater!"

The youth looked at the Indian sternly, but the red man met the look unflinchingly.

"If Keenawhee play trick on white boy, after him save Keenawhee's life, then he want to be killed," he said earnestly.

"Very well, Keenawhee. Go ahead. I believe you mean to play fair and be honest with me, and I will trust you. Go; but get back as quickly as possible, for I have quite a ways to go before dark."

"Ugh. Me be back in one—two hour."

Then the Indian took his departure, and Dick, after watching his new ally out of sight, seated himself under a huge tree which stood near at hand, and resting his back against it, began thinking.

"I don't know whether I am doing the wise thing in trusting the redskin or not," he mused; "well, I'll give him a chance, and if it should happen that he is true to me I may be able to make good use of him."

Suddenly Dick heard footsteps, and leaped up, and peered around the tree-trunk.

He saw a girl of perhaps seventeen years. She had a basket on her arm, and was evidently simply passing by, and did not suspect the presence of anyone.

Suddenly the girl leaped back and gave utterance to a cry of fear and dismay.

A man had suddenly leaped out from behind a tree and confronted her.

The man was seemingly about twenty-five years of age, a dark-faced, rather handsome fellow, with a black moustache and eyes to match. There was something sinister in his appearance, however, and Dick said to himself that the fellow was not one whom he would trust very far.

"Harold Wardmore!" exclaimed the girl.

"At your service, Miss Lucy Lennox," in a tone that Dick's ears sounded mocking.

The girl was evidently not glad to see the man, for she took a step backward and drew herself up to her full height.

"Why have you intercepted me in this fashion?" she asked haughtily.

"I wished to see you, Lucy."

"You saw me last night."

"I know I did, but the interview I had with you then was not satisfactory."

"It was as satisfactory as any interview which you had with me can ever be."

"Oh, surely not, Lucy. You are just joking." The man's tone was sneering.

"No, I am not joking."

"Not, eh?"

"No; I mean what I say."

"But you may change your mind later, Lucy. You are young yet, and you may learn to love me as much as you last night said that you hated me."

"Never!"

The girl's voice rang out promptly, clearly, and decidedly.

A dark look appeared on the man's face.

"Don't talk so confidently, girl!" he cried; "you may repent of it if you talk too independently."

"I suppose you mean that for a threat!" in accents of scorn.

"I mean what I say."

"Let me pass," said the girl.

The man made no move toward getting out of the way. Instead, he folded his arms, and stood looking at the girl, a smile of triumph on his face.

"I could not think of it, Lucy," he said.

"You have no right to stop me in this fashion!"

"Perhaps not, but I have the might, and that is just as good. There is no use of being in a hurry, Lucy; I wish to have a serious talk with you."

"You had a serious talk with me yesterday evening. Is that suffice?"

"I cannot do it, Lucy. I am not willing to accept your decision of last night as final."

"But you will have to do so; it is the only decision I have to give, and it is final."

"But think, Lucy: I am the son of a British nobleman, and if you will marry me I will take you home to England and you will be a fine lady! Think of it!"

The girl's lip curled.

"I don't want to be a fine lady," she said promptly; "above all, I would not wish to be a fine lady in England. I hate the English! I am an American girl, and I believe we American people ought to be free and independent. I have no desire to go to England; I like America, the home of my birth, and here I will stay—and when I marry, I hope and trust it will be some true-hearted, patriotic American who will stand by my side!"

"Bravo, little girl!" said Dick to himself, and he made a motion as if clapping his hands. "You have the right spirit, and, by jove, if I wasn't already head over heels in love with one brave, sweet American girl, I should try and fall in love with you, for you are certainly one who would make any man a splendid wife!"

The girl's words did not make the same kind of impression on the man, Harold Wardmore, that they made on Dick, however. His face was frowning, and an exclamation of anger and disgust escaped his lips.

"Bah, you are a fool!" he cried. "Why, the Americans will soon be soundly thrashed, and King George will rule over them as he did before. They will never be free and independent, as you term it, and you might as well make up your mind to that, first as last."

The girl shook her head.

"You cannot make me believe that," she said. "I am positive that the people of America will be free and independent, and I hope it will be soon."

"Your hopes will never be realized, and you will do well to grasp the opportunity which you now have of securing a husband who can make a lady of you."

"I tell you I don't want to be a lady; I prefer to be simply a true-hearted, American woman."

"Bosh! Will you not listen to reason?"

"That is exactly what I am doing, when I refuse to listen to you."

"Bah!"

"Stand aside, sir, and let me pass."

"I will not."

"You will not?"

"No."

"Then I will go around," and the girl made a move to do so, only to find the scoundrel interposing his form so as to bar her progress.

"Hold on; not so fast, my young lady!" the villain cried.

"What do you mean?" the girl cried. "How dare you act so?"

"It is easy to answer that, Miss Lucy. I have made up my mind to make you Mrs. Harold Wardmore, and it

doesn't matter to me whether you are willing or not. You have got to marry me, and you will learn to love me afterward."

"Never, you scoundrel!" the girl cried spiritedly; "and how, pray, are you going to go about marrying me against my will?"

"I am going to take you prisoner, carry you off to a hiding-place I know of, and then send for a minister whom I know—a man who, although an ordained minister of the Gospel, is not at all scrupulous, and will do anything for money, and he will make us man and wife. Ha, ha, ha! What say you to the program, Lucy, dear?"

"I say you will never carry it out successfully, Harold Wardmore!"

"You think not?" sneeringly.

"I am sure of it; for—I will kill myself before I will become your wife!"

"Oh, no, you won't. Life is sweet to a girl like you, and you will live, even though it is to be the wife of a man whom you now think you hate."

"I do hate you, and always shall!" with spirit. "Stand aside, and let me pass! You shall not take me prisoner, Harold Wardmore!"

"I'd like to know what is going to prevent me from doing so?" in a sneering voice, in which triumph intermingled.

"All right, you shall be accommodated, Mr. Wardmore, bully and scoundrel! Here is what will prevent you from making this girl a prisoner!" and as Dick Slater gave utterance to the words, he stepped out from behind the tree and advanced a few steps, a leveled pistol in his hand.

CHAPTER III.

CAPTURED AND RESCUED

A cry of delight escaped the lips of the girl.

A curse escaped the lips of the man.

"Oh, sir, I am so glad that you have come!" the girl exclaimed. "This man is a scoundrel, who, after bothering me with attentions which I did not wish to receive, and trying to persuade me to become his wife, has now waylaid me, and threatens to make a prisoner of me, and carry me off and force me to marry him."

"I have heard all the conversation which has passed between you and the fellow, miss," said Dick quietly, "and I

must say that I think he is about as big a scoundrel as ever I have seen."

A hoarse cry of rage escaped the lips of the man.

"Be careful!" he hissed; "you do not know who you are speaking of in such an insulting fashion!"

"I know what you claim to be—Harold Wardmore, son of an English nobleman."

"That is who and what I am, and I warn you, Mr. Impudence, that I am a dangerous man!"

The famous captain of "The Liberty Boys of '76,"—for such Dick Slater was, as those who have been reading the "Liberty Boys" know—merely laughed as if amused.

"So you are dangerous, are you?" he asked quietly.

"I am."

"Dangerous to unprotected girls, I judge, and to old men and women, and small children!"

The youth's tone and air were scathing, and Harold Wardmore fairly writhed, so great was his anger at being talked to in such fashion.

"You will find that I am dangerous to others as well!" he hissed.

"Indeed?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Well, I suppose that if making threats counted for anything, you would be dangerous indeed; but, unfortunately for you, threats don't do any good. It takes more than threats to have effect on me."

"Who are you?"

"None of your business," was Dick's prompt reply; "it is enough for you to know that I am one who will not stand by and see you walk off with a young lady against her will."

"You will regret interfering in this matter!"

"I don't think so."

"You will think so, sooner or later!" Wardmore hissed.

"I'll risk it."

"You had better put your pistol up, and take your departure, and leave me alone."

"I couldn't think of it, Harold."

"If you do not, I shall make it my business to hunt you down and kill you as I would a dog!"

The "Liberty Boy" laughed scornfully.

"My dear Harold," he said, "you are wasting your breath in giving utterance to threats. I assure you that a string of them a mile long would have no terrors for me. They are the cheapest and poorest kind of ammunition, and a broadside of them would not kill a mosquito."

"I will give you bullets or the knife later on."

"All right; I'll risk it—and now, you had better make

yourself scarce, Mr. Harold Wardmore! Your room is preferable to your company."

"I will go—but I will return again!"

"All right, Harold; but take my advice, and don't come back too soon. If you do I may take a sudden and uncontrollable notion to put a bullet through you."

"Bah! I do not care any more for your threats than you care for mine. I give in now because you have the advantage, but rest assured the time will come when the advantage will rest with me, and then I—ha! the time has already come! Seize the scoundrel, boys!"

The fellow was looking past Dick, as if his eyes were on somebody there, but as he had not heard any sound behind him, Dick suspected that it was a ruse on Wardmore's part to get him to turn his head and look, when he (Wardmore) would draw a pistol and fire. It was an old trick that Dick had played on more than one occasion, and he was not to be fooled by it.

This time, however, it was not a ruse, for the next instant Dick felt himself seized from behind; at the same time a cry of dismay and alarm escaped the lips of the girl.

The youth realized instantly that it had not been a ruse on Wardmore's part; somebody was there, sure enough, and he would have to work hard if he were to hold his own against the new enemy.

There were three in the party that had slipped up and leaped upon Dick, and it was evident that they were friends of Harold Wardmore.

He leaped forward to render them assistance should they need it; but such did not seem likely to be the case; as they were three to one, and had succeeded in getting the advantage, and had secured holds which it was impossible for Dick to break, though he exerted himself to the utmost, and fought with great fierceness. The pistol had been knocked out of his hand the first thing, so he could not fire upon them, and the result of the combat was what might have been expected. Dick was thrown to the ground and held there, while Harold Wardmore produced a bit of stout cord and bound the "Liberty Boy's" arms together behind his back.

"There, now; how do you like that?" asked the chief villain, as he gazed down triumphantly upon the prisoner.

"I can't say that I like it," was the cool reply.

"I told you that the time would come when I would have the advantage over you, didn't I?"

"I believe you did say something to that effect?"

"It came quicker than I expected, but that is all the more satisfactory to me."

"No doubt; but it isn't so satisfactory to me."

"I suppose not," sarcastically; "and I am going to show you, now, how Harold Wardmore disposes of enemies who interfere in any way in his business."

"Are you." Dick was perfectly cool, and this fact surprised Wardmore, who seemed to hardly know what to make of his prisoner.

"I am!" fiercely. "Do you know what I am going to do with you?"

"I have not the least idea."

"You soon will have."

"Doubtless."

"There is no doubt regarding the matter, and—hold on, Miss Lucy! Don't be in a hurry to go, my dear girl! I cannot permit it, you know. Just stand where you are Charley, keep your eye on her, and if she attempts to leave make a prisoner of her."

The girl had made the attempt to slip away while Wardmore's attention was on Dick, but the quick eye of the villain had detected the movement—indeed, he had been on the lookout for something of the kind—and he frustrated her design.

"You had better let the young lady go, Harold Wardmore!" said Dick, in a tone of warning.

"Ha, ha, ha!" the villain laughed. "You are in a nice position to be giving advice, aren't you?"

"It will be for your own good, if you let her go."

"Bah! I know my own business; and as for you—you won't know anything very long. I am going to settle you for good and all!"

"You are?"

"I am!"

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to hang you!"

The youth eyed the scoundrel searchingly, to see whether or not he really meant what he said. He noted that there was the light of a cruel determination in the fellow's eyes. Dick could see Wardmore was capable of anything.

"You are going to hang me?" he remarked slowly.

"That is what I am going to do!"

"You had better think before doing anything of the kind."

"Bah!"

"I have friends who will never rest until they put you underneath the ground if you injure me."

"I fear them not. Boys, get the rope ready!"

One of the men unwrapped a long, fine, but strong buckskin cord from around his waist, and made a running noose

in one end. This noose he placed over Dick's head, and pulled it till it was drawn tight around the youth's neck.

"Now get up," ordered Wardmore, making a motion as if to kick Dick. Before he could do it, however, the youth had leaped to his feet.

"Lead him underneath that limb."

The two men led Dick to a place underneath a large limb, which extended out from the main body of the big tree at a distance of about fifteen feet from the ground.

"Throw the rope over the limb."

This was done.

Lucy Lennox stood a horrified spectator of what was going on.

She had no thought of leaving now. She could not have done so had she wished. She seemed to be rooted to the spot. She watched proceedings as if fascinated.

"Can it be possible that that brave young man is to lose his life in this terrible fashion?" the girl asked herself.

"Oh, that will be awful! Oh, I pray that something may intervene to save him from such a fate!"

Wardmore gazed at Dick with a look of cruel triumph shining in his eyes.

"Now, then, my fine young knight of chivalry, what have you to say for yourself?" he said sneeringly.

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing, save that I am convinced that you are about the biggest scoundrel I have ever encountered."

"Ha, ha, ha! Well, I can tell you, my friend, that I warned you to go your way, but you refused to profit by the warning, and remained; behold the consequences!"

"I don't think the consequences are very terrible," said Dick calmly.

The man looked surprised.

"You must be a fool," he said. "For a man who is standing on the brink of the grave you talk very foolishly."

"But I am not standing on the brink of the grave."

"You think not?"

"I am sure of it. You will never hang me, Harold Wardmore."

"What makes you think so?"

At this instant there was a peculiar, whishing sound, and a deadly barbed arrow was buried in the heart of one of the men who was holding to the rope.

He threw up his arms, and with a gasping moan sank to the ground—dead.

"That is what makes me think that you will never hang me, Harold Wardmore!" cried Dick, and quick as a flash he dealt the other man a blow in the stomach with his knee, doubling the fellow up, and causing him to let go his hold on the rope.

Swish!

A second arrow struck Wardmore in the shoulder, inflicting a painful, but not dangerous flesh wound, and with a wild yell he turned and leaped away, quickly disappearing in the timber.

The other two scoundrels fled also, and were followed by two arrows in quick succession.

Then, with a whoop of delight, Keenawhee leaped out from among the trees, and running up to Dick, freed his arms with a quick sweep of the keen-edged hunting-knife.

CHAPTER IV.

WARDMORE AGAIN APPEARS

Dick seized Keenawhee by the hand and shook it heartily.

"Keenawhee," he said earnestly, "you are a friend indeed! But for your timely arrival and assistance I think I would by this time be a corpse, hanging at the end of that rope."

"Keenawhee pay white boy back for save him life," said the Indian.

"So you have; we are even now, and you owe me nothing."

"Injun don' think him even yit," the redskin said; "do heap more for white brother first."

"Well, you can do as much for me as you like, Keenawhee, but I feel that you have evened up the score."

Lucy Lennox was plainly somewhat afraid of the Indian, for she watched him closely, and with a frightened look in her eyes, and presently she got a chance and whispered in Dick's ear that the redskin was one who was known to be an ally of the British.

"He isn't now, though, Miss Lucy," said Dick; "he is going to be a patriot and fight for independence—eh, Keenawhee?"

The Indian nodded gravely.

"Ugh!" he grunted; "me heap big brave, an' me fight for white boy with blue coat now. No fight enny more fur men with red coats."

"That's the way to talk," said Dick approvingly. Then

to the girl he said. "You see, I killed a bear a little while ago that was about to claw and chew him all up, and he claimed that I saved his life, and said he would come over to the patriot side and help me and my friends fight for liberty."

"Well, that is good," said the girl. "It will be much better to have him for a friend than an enemy."

"As has already been demonstrated, Miss Lucy. He has just saved my life, as you saw for yourself."

"Yes, yes. That scoundrel, Wardmore, would have hanged you, I am sure."

"There is no doubt regarding it. And now, if you are ready, we will escort you to your home, Miss Lucy."

"I am ready, sir."

"White boy an' girl go on; Keenawhee come purty soon," said the Indian gravely.

"Very well," said Dick, and he and the maiden moved away through the timber, leaving the Indian behind.

"What did he stay behind for?" asked Lucy wonderingly.

"I think he wished to secure the scalp of the fellow he killed, Miss Lucy."

"Oh, that is terrible to think of!"

"It is the custom among Indians, however."

"It isn't pleasant to think of, true."

"And do you not think, Mr. Slater—Dick had told her his name—that it will be dangerous to trust the Indian?"

"No, Miss Lucy."

"Indians are treacherous."

"I know that as a rule they are."

"Yes; at least so father says."

"He is right, too; but this is an exceptional case, I think. I have studied the Indian, Keenawhee, very carefully, and believe that he will be true. You see, I saved his life, and he is very grateful."

"Yes."

"And he has already proved that he intends to be true, by rescuing me from the hands of those scoundrels."

"Perhaps he will be true."

"I am confident that he will be."

Presently the two were overtaken by Keenawhee, and a fresh scalp hung at his belt. Lucy noticed it, and shuddered.

Twenty minutes walk brought them to Lucy's home. When the girl's parents saw her approaching in the company of a strange white man and an Indian they stared in amazement.

"What does this mean, Lucy?" asked her father, who was an intelligent-looking man.

The girl at once hastened to explain, and as they listened a look of surprise and anger showed on the faces of Mr. and Mrs. Lennox.

"So that scoundrel, Wardmore, has shown himself in his true colors, has he?" exclaimed Mr. Lennox.

"Yes, father."

"Very good. If he ever shows his face in this vicinity again I will put a bullet through him."

"That is what he deserves," said Dick.

Mr. and Mrs. Lennox then thanked Dick for what he had done, and they greeted the Indian with some show of cordiality, though it was evident they did not have any too much faith in him.

"Look!" suddenly exclaimed Keenawhee; "there come bad white men now."

He pointed toward the timber, and from the edge of it, at a distance of two hundred yards, emerged a party of perhaps a dozen men. Even at that distance it was easy to recognize Harold Wardmore.

"Into the house and close and bar the doors!" cried Dick. "Those scoundrels mean mischief!"

There was no doubt regarding this, for they came toward the house on the run, yelling angrily.

Mr. and Mrs. Lennox, Lucy, Dick, and the Indian hastened to enter the house, and quickly barred the doors.

Then there came the patter of feet, and this was followed by a loud thumping on the front door.

"Who is there?" called out Mr. Lennox.

"It is I, Harold Wardmore," was the reply.

"What do you want?"

"I want you to open the door."

"What for?"

"I want to get hold of that young white scoundrel who is in there."

"Oh, you do?"

"Yes, and the redskin as well."

"How do you know they are here?"

"I saw them enter."

"Well, I'm sorry to say that I shall have to refuse to obey your command."

"You are not going to shield them, are you?"

"Well, I am not going to open the door, that is certain."

"The Indian killed one of my friends."

"He deserved death," said Dick.

"Oh, that's you talking, is it, you scoundrel?" came back in angry tones.

"Yes, it's me, you old scoundrel!" was the prompt retort.

"See here; don't you call me any such name as that."

"You don't like it, eh?"

"No."

"People often do not like to hear the truth."

"Bosh! Open the door!"

"Sorry, but we cannot oblige you."

"If you don't open it we'll burst it down."

"If you do you will wish that you hadn't."

"Bah! What would you do?"

"We have plenty of arms in here, and we will shoot holes in every man in your gang if you break the door down!"

"You shoot one of my men, and we will hang you, as sure as my name is Wardmore!"

"You would hang me, anyway, if you could get hold of me, so we will shoot, and shoot to kill."

There was a silence of two or three minutes duration, and then Wardmore's voice was again heard.

"Mr. Lennox," it said, "if you will deliver the white youth and the Indian into our hands, we will agree not to bother you in any way. What do you say?"

"That I will do nothing of the kind, Harold Wardmore."

"You will regret it if you don't."

"I do not mind your threats."

"You are very foolish."

"I don't think so."

"You are, nevertheless; no one but a fool would expose his wife and daughter to danger in order to shield a couple of men of whom he knows nothing—and one of the two an Indian at that."

"The white man protected my daughter from you, you scoundrel, and the redskin is a friend of the white man, so I will shield them just as long as I am able to do so."

"That won't be long. Do you know what we are going to do?"

"No."

"Then I'll tell you: We are going to set your house on fire, and shoot the two men down as they come running forth like rats from a burning barn!"

"You fiend!"

"Ha, ha, ha! That touched you in a tender spot, didn't it?" in a tone of triumph. "Another thing: we may make a mistake, and shoot you down, too, friend Lennox, and then who will protect your wife and daughter?"

"Say, you cowardly scoundrel!" cried Dick; "I'll tell you what I'll do with you."

"Go ahead."

"All right; if you will send your men back to the edge

of the timber, so I can be sure they won't interfere, I will come outside and fight you."

"Thanks," in a sneering tone; "I have the advantage of superior force, and I intend to make use of it."

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll let you have a knife, and I will fight you with my naked hands! What do you say to that?"

"No, no; you must not do that!" cried Lucy, in a horrified voice; "he would kill you without mercy."

"If he could," smiled Dick.

"Say, do you really mean that?" asked Wardmore.

"Of course I mean it."

"There is some trick about it."

"None at all. I simply have confidence in my ability to whip you, and you with a knife, while I am weaponless—that is all."

"Bah! I would carve you into bits in no time!"

"Try it, and see how you come out."

"I will!" in a fierce tone; "and I'll kill you, too, as sure as my name is Wardmore!"

"You'll slip up on that, as sure as your name is Wardmore."

"Bosh!"

"Send your men away, and I will come out."

"All right."

Mr. Lennox was watching out of the window, and he saw the men walk away, to the edge of the timber, where they paused.

"They are gone now," said Wardmore; "open the door and show yourself, my bold young fellow!"

The youth stepped to the door and unbarred and opened it.

He held a pistol in his hand, and noted that Wardmore did the same.

"I thought you were not to have any weapons," the villain said.

"That is what I said, and what I meant; but you must lay your pistols aside, and be armed with only a knife, and then I will lay aside all my weapons."

"All right," and the fellow placed his pistols on the ground a short distance away.

"Now it is understood that if I get the better of you, you and your men are to go away and not bother Mr. Lennox or any of his folks, Harold Wardmore?" said Dick.

"Yes."

"All right," and Dick took off his belt in which were the pistols and knife, and handed them to the Indian.

"I am afraid you are needlessly sacrificing your life, sir," said Mr. Lennox.

"I would not take the risk, Mr. Slater," said Lucy, anxiously.

"Oh, there is not much risk about it," said Dick, reassuringly. "You need have no fears for my safety."

The Indian said nothing; his face seemed stolid, but back in the beadlike eyes a peculiar light shone, which was evidence that he was interested in the unique combat about to be fought.

The "Liberty Boy" doffed his coat, and stepped out and confronted Wardmore.

"Are you ready?" the latter asked, a look of fiendish joy on his face.

"Ready!" replied Dick.

"Then look out for yourself!" and with the words Wardmore leaped toward Dick, knife in hand, ready to deal a death-blow if he could do so.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE PATRIOT ENCAMPMENT

To the surprise of the spectators Dick did not make any move to leap out of the way, but stood his ground, and waited till the other was almost upon him.

Up went the knife-hand of the assailant, and then down it came with all the force the fellow could put into the stroke.

A smothered cry of terror escaped the lips of Lucy Lennox, and at the same instant up shot Dick's left hand, and it clutched the wrist of his opponent in a grip of iron. The downward stroke was stayed, and the villain's arm was held up, in spite of all his efforts to force it on down.

"Ugh!" grunted Keenawhee; "white brother much big brave! Got heap good eye—heap strong arm!"

And Dick speedily demonstrated the fact that he had a strong arm, for although Wardmore struggled to press the knife on downward, he could not do so, and when he attempted to seize Dick's arm with his left hand the youth caught the fellow's left wrist with his right hand and held it rigid. Do as he would, Wardmore could not free his wrists. His face grew black with rage and disappointment, and a string of curses escaped his lips.

"Hold on!" cried Dick. "Stop using such language. It will do you no good, and, in fact, it will do you harm, for you are wasting a lot of wind, which you will have need of before you get through with me."

"Let go my wrists!"

"Oh, no, my friend!" with a laugh; "that is where I have made myself safe, and on fairly equal terms with you. Your knife is of no value to you now, and the advantage which you have over me is infinitesimal, if indeed, you have any advantage at all."

"I'll cut your heart out!"

"If you can," coolly; "don't forget the 'if'."

"I'll do it!" fiercely, and then Wardmore began struggling fiercely to free his wrists. He twisted and squirmed, and used his best efforts to get his arms free, all to no purpose. He could not do it, and what was very exasperating to him, the youth seemed to hold his wrists without the least trouble. There was no doubt of the fact that the young man was very strong-armed. This fact was all the more apparent to Wardmore, on account of the fact that he prided himself on being a strong man himself. He had never before encountered a man who was as strong in the arms as he was, and now to find one that seemed so much stronger that he could hold him without exerting himself in the least was as surprising as it was exasperating.

"You can't do it, friend Wardmore," said Dick, smiling.

"Who in the fiend's name are you?" cried Wardmore, hoarsely.

"I have been called 'the man with the iron grip,' friend Wardmore."

"Ugh. Heap strong arm!" grunted Keenawhee.

The pallor which had come over Lucy's face before the combat began had now given way to a more natural color. She seemed to realize that Dick was more than a match for Wardmore, even though the latter had a knife in his hand.

The expression on the faces of Mr. and Mrs. Lenox had now changed from one of alarm and anxiety to one of satisfaction. They, too, realized that the young man was amply able to take care of himself.

Perhaps the most surprised men were Wardmore's comrades, who, although two hundred yards away, could see what was going on.

"Looks as if the cap'n hez got 'imself inter trouble, hey, boys?" remarked one.

"Thet's right," from another; "ther feller hez got 'im by ther wrists, and he don' seem ter be able ter do ennythin'."

"Say, thet feller mus' be mighty stout," from still another; "ther cap'n is orful stout, ye know, an' ther feller seems ter be holdn' 'im without much trouble."

"Kerrect. I guess ther cap'n hez foun' er feller ez is stouter nur whut he is, at las'."

Wardmore struggled fiercely to free his wrists, but found it impossible to do so. He was the personification of anger, disappointment, and chagrin. There is no doubt that he intended to kill Dick when the combat began, but now he realized that the chances were that he would fail in the attempt.

"You haven't fought fairly," he said, hoarsely.

"What did you expect me to do—stand still and let you run the knife through me?" asked Dick, sarcastically.

"No, but——"

"Oh, you are too hard to please," interrupted Dick. "There are no 'buts' about it. You had the advantage at the start, but I have counteracted that by getting hold of your wrists, and I don't see that you have any cause for complaint at all."

"I'll kill you yet!" hissed Wardmore, and he suddenly leaped toward Dick with all his force. The youth was not expecting this, and lost his balance to the extent that he had to take two or three steps backward. In doing so his heel struck against a stone, and he fell backward to the ground, Wardmore coming down on top of him.

As they started to fall a cry of delight escaped the lips of Wardmore, for he thought he would be able to free his wrists and kill his opponent, but the cry suddenly changed to one of pain and horror.

The reason of this was that Dick had held onto the fellow's wrists with a grip of iron as he fell, and in going down had twisted the other's knife-hand in such a manner that Wardmore fell upon the point of the weapon, which penetrated several inches, inflicting a very severe wound.

"Oh, I am a dead man!" gasped Wardmore, and Dick turned the fellow over, and leaping up, pulled the knife out of the wound. The blood spurted forth, and it was evident that Wardmore was dangerously wounded. The wound was in the right breast, however, and high up, so it was not necessarily fatal, the youth decided.

"You are not fatally wounded," said Dick, reassuringly.

"You think not?" anxiously.

"I do; with care you will get along."

"We have room in the house," said Mrs. Lennox; "if you will bring him, we will take care of him till he is able to get out again."

"There is no need of that," said Dick; "I will dress his wound, and then his men can take him away and look after him. It would not be right for you folks to have to be bothered with him."

Wardmore's comrades had hastened forward, and were halfway to the house, but Dick motioned them back.

"Stop!" he called out; "wait till I dress his wound. Then you may come and take him away."

The men stopped, and Dick called for a basin of water, and some cloth for a bandage. Mrs. Lennox brought the required articles, and Dick dressed the wound with as much skill as could have been shown by a surgeon, almost. Wardmore was pale, but retained consciousness, and the youth was sure the fellow would recover from the wound.

"Now you may come and take your friend away," he called out, and the men advanced.

As a matter of precaution Dick and the Indian and the three members of the household retired into the house, and closed and barred the door. They did not know but the men might try to take revenge for the injury to their leader. The men made no motion toward doing anything of the kind, however; their entire attention was directed toward their leader, whom they lifted carefully, and carried away, disappearing presently in the timber.

Then the door was unbarred, and the five felt safe once more.

"I didn't intend to hurt the scoundrel," said Dick; "the inflicting of the wound was an accident."

"Well, he deserved it," said Mr. Lennox.

"Yes, and I'm glad he was wounded," said Lucy; "it will put a stop to his bothering me for awhile."

"Served um right," said Keenawhee sententiously.

"I wonder if there is any danger that the other men will return and try to bother you, Mr. Lennox?" asked Dick.

"I hardly think so, Mr. Slater."

"I hope not; it will do no harm for you to remain on your guard, and keep your eyes open."

It was now getting well along toward evening, and Mr. Lennox insisted that Dick and his Indian friend remain and take supper. Dick consented, and they stayed. It was evident that the Indian enjoyed the meal, for he ate as much as two common men could have disposed of. Dick, too, ate with a relish, and when they were ready to start, he told his friends that he would try and get back again, before long, to see them.

Bidding Mr. and Mrs. Lennox and Lucy good-bye, Dick and his Indian friend set out, and made their way in the direction of the point where the patriot army was encamped.

This was at a point a short distance below Conoes, and an hour and a half of rapid walking brought the two to their destination.

When Dick Slater walked into the patriot encampment in company with the Indian, it created considerable excitement, and the soldiers stared at Keenawhee in open-mouthed wonder.

"Where did you find him, Dick?" asked Bob Estabrook, another one of the "Liberty Boys."

"Oh, over in the timber bordering the Mohawk, Bob, was the reply.

"Strong Arm save Injun's life," said Keenawhee with great dignity.

"What does he mean by 'Strong Arm,' Dick?"

"That's what he calls me."

"Why?"

"B'cos um has mighty strong arm," said the Indian. "Dick Slater Keenawhee's brother; save Injun's life; Keenawhee fight for white brother—fight 'gainst redcoats, ugh!"

"Does he really mean it, Dick?" asked Mark Morrison, a number of the "Liberty Boys" having crowded around to take a look at the Indian.

"Of course he means it, Mark. Keenawhee and I are sworn friends."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; I saved his life by killing a bear that was on the point of chewing him up, and a little later he saved me from being hanged by a gang of desperadoes who had made me a prisoner."

"Ugh. Keenawhee kill one desp'rado," said the Indian gravely. "Shoot arrier through um body—ugh!"

"That's right," agreed Dick; "he killed one and the others fled for their lives."

"How did it happen, Dick? Tell us all about it," cried the "Liberty Boys."

"I haven't time now, boys. We must go and report to General Gates. Keenawhee has some information for him."

So Dick and his red friend made their way to the tent occupied by the general, and entering, proceeded to hold an interview with the American commander.

General Gates, Dick shrewdly suspected, did not have very great confidence in Keenawhee. Dick felt that he was not much to be blamed for this, as the Indians had been aiding Burgoyne, and had committed many acts of cruelty while with the British. Among these may be mentioned the murder of Jane McCrea, a beautiful maiden who had been murdered by the Indians while on her way to join the man who was to have been her husband, a British officer, by the way.

The general listened to all Keenawhee had to say, with-

at saying much himself, and finally he dismissed the Indian, and told Dick to remain, as he wished to have a talk with him.

"You go to where the young men are stationed—the ones we were talking to," said Dick, and the Indian nodded, and running an adieu to the general, took his departure.

"What do you think, Dick?" asked Gates when the redskin had gone; "is that fellow's word to be depended upon?"

"I think so, sir," was the reply.

"Humph! I have my doubts. I haven't any confidence in any of the red brutes."

"Still, I think Keenawhee is an exception, sir."

"Perhaps so, but I would advise you to keep your eye on him. He may be here as a spy, and as soon as he has seen all he wishes to, he may slip away and carry the information to Burgoyne."

"I hardly think he will do it, sir," said Dick; "but I will as you suggest keep an eye on him."

"You will, in my opinion, do well to do so."

After ten or fifteen minutes conversation Dick took his leave and made his way to the quarters occupied by the Liberty Boys.

"Where is Keenawhee?" he asked, looking all around.

"I don't know," replied Bob; "he was here a few moments ago."

They looked all around, but nowhere was the redskin to be seen.

He had silently and mysteriously disappeared.

Was General Gates right? Dick asked himself this question with some perturbation of spirit. Was Keenawhee a British spy, after all? Where had the Indian gone?

CHAPTER VI.

KEENAWHEE'S DISAPPEARANCE.

"I wonder where the Indian went?" remarked Dick.

"You can't prove it by me," from Mark Morrison.

"Did no one see him go?"

The youths answered in the negative.

No one had seen Keenawhee leave.

He had silently, and very mysteriously, disappeared.

"Jove! I hope he hasn't been fooling me," murmured Dick; "if he is guilty of having deceived me, and has ended this camp to spy on us, and then carry the informa-

tion to Burgoyne, I will make it my business to settle with him the first chance I get!"

"You can't tell about those Indians," said Bob; "they are all tricky."

"Somehow I didn't think Keenawhee was, Bob. I had every confidence he was all right."

"What has become of him, then?"

"I don't know. By the way, did any of the boys pester him in any way that would make him angry and cause him to go away?"

"No, we treated him all right."

"Then I don't understand it."

At this instant a wild whoop was heard, coming from seemingly a couple of hundred yards away, in the timber.

"That was Keenawhee's voice!" exclaimed Dick.

Again the whoop rang out.

"What does it mean?" cried Bob.

"The skin is yelling to let us know that he has fooled us, and is glorying over it," said Sam Sanderson.

"I don't know about that," said Dick, who was listening intently.

"What do you think about it?" asked Bob.

"I can't say, Bob. We will wait and see what happens."

They waited, and a minute later there sounded another whoop—louder, and seemingly closer than before.

"Say, he's coming back toward our camp!" exclaimed Bob.

"Sounds like it," agreed Sam Sanderson, while the others nodded assent.

All listened and watched the edge of the timber fifty yards distant with eager eyes.

Then, of a sudden, the Indian, Keenawhee, came in sight—the moon was shining brightly—and on his back he was carrying a British soldier, a redcoat!

"Great guns!"

"He has a prisoner!"

"A redcoat, too!"

"He's all right, after all!"

"Good! He's true to us, as I thought he would be!" this from Dick.

Keenawhee approached, and dumped the redcoat down upon the ground in front of Dick.

"Redcoat spy," said Keenawhee, gravely; "me catch um out in woods."

"Keenawhee, you are a friend worth having!" cried Dick, slapping the redskin on the shoulder. "What did you do to him?" stooping and looking at the prisoner, who was unconscious.

"Hit um over the head with end of pistol," indicating

the pistol in his belt, which had been given him by Dick that evening.

"Ah, then he'll be all right soon."

"Ugh. Me no hit hard nuff to kill um."

The youths poured some water in the insensible redcoat's face, and he presently came to, and sat up.

"Guess we had better bind his arms," said Dick, and this was done.

"Now we'll take him before General Gates," said Dick, "and see what he has to say for himself."

The prisoner was conducted to the general's tent by Dick and Bob, and when Gates saw that they had brought a British soldier he was greatly astonished.

"Where did you get him?" he asked.

"We didn't get him," replied Dick, with a smile.

"Where did he come from, then?"

"The Indian captured him."

"That Indian that was here with you a while ago?" in astonishment.

"Yes."

"Well, that is somewhat of a surprise. How did he manage to capture the fellow?"

"I don't know; when I went back to the "Liberty Boys" quarters, after leaving you, the Indian was missing. I thought of what you had said about being suspicious of him, and became somewhat suspicious myself, but pretty soon he came into camp, carrying this man on his shoulders."

"Well, well!" Then Gates eyed the prisoner searchingly.

"Who are you?" he asked, sternly.

"A British soldier," was the reply.

"I can see that much, sir; no facetiousness, now. Who are you, and what were you doing near our camp?"

"I am a British soldier, and I was trying to find my way to the British army."

"Trying to find your way to the British army?"

"Yes."

"You mean to say that you were lost?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bosh!"

"You don't believe me?"

"I would be a fool to believe any such story as that. You are a spy, and were spying on us when you were discovered and captured."

"You are mistaken, sir."

"Bah! Don't dispute my word, for I know better."

"Of course, I can understand how you would naturally think me a spy, but I assure you that you are mistaken.

I am not a spy. I have been away from the army on two weeks' leave of absence, owing to wounds, and was trying to get back to it. For this reason, I think that you should simply hold me as a prisoner of war. If you had or shoot me for a spy you will be doing me a great wrong. General Gates shook his head.

"I don't believe your story," he said; "it is such one as a man might make up in order to save his life. The chances are good that you will perish as a spy should perish—at the end of a rope!"

The redcoat paled.

"I hope you will not execute me as a spy, sir," he said. "I am telling you the truth when I say I am not a spy."

"That remains to be seen. Dick, take him away. Place him in confinement, and to-morrow I will look into his case more closely.

"Very well, sir," replied Dick, and he and Bob led the prisoner out of the tent.

They conducted the prisoner to a rough log hut, and opening the door, pushed him into the building and closed and locked the door once more.

"What do you think about it, Dick?" asked Bob. "Do you think he is a spy, or was he really telling the truth?"

"I don't know, Bob. He looked like he was telling the truth."

"That's what I thought."

"But I rather think the general will hang him, Bob."

"It wouldn't surprise me."

They returned to their quarters, and after talking to Keenawhee awhile, and getting the details of his capture of the redcoat, they threw themselves down on blankets and went to sleep.

Next morning Keenawhee, the "Liberty Boys'" Indian friend, was again missing.

He had disappeared in the night, and no one knew where he went or where he had gone.

The youths were not worried, however.

They had faith in the redskin, and believed that he would be true to them, and that sooner or later he would be back with a good explanation regarding where he had been and what he had been doing.

General Gates, however, when informed of the fact that the Indian was missing shook his head.

"Gone again, is he?" he remarked; "well, this time I think he has gone to stay; and I fear that the British will speedily be in possession of full knowledge of our location, numbers, and everything of that kind."

"Somehow I believe the Indian will be true to us," said Dick.

"I don't think so. Well, it can't be helped, now."

"You are right, sir."

"And now, Dick, I'll tell you what I wish you would do. I have no faith in what the Indian told us about the British and their encampment, and so forth, and I want that you shall go on a spying expedition to-night. Will you do it?"

"Certainly, sir. I shall be glad to do so."

"Very well; what you tell me, when you return, I will know I can rely on, but I would hate to make any arrangements based on what the Indian told me."

"I will go, to-night, sir, and will learn all that I possibly can."

During the day Dick made such preparations for the adventure of the coming night as he thought necessary, and Bob put in a good portion of the time trying to persuade Dick to let him go along.

"Two heads are better than one," he insisted; "let me go, Dick."

At last the youth consented, and when night had settled down over all, the two "Liberty Boys" set out on their dangerous journey.

CHAPTER VII.

ROUTING THE REDCOATS.

"It would be a great joke if we were to run on to Keenawhee in the British encampment, Dick," said Bob.

"So it would; but I don't expect to do so."

"You don't?"

"No."

"You think he is true to us?"

"I do."

"General Gates doesn't."

"I know that; but somehow I can't think Keenawhee is false to us."

"Neither can I."

"He is away on some special business of his own, likely, and I'll wager that when all is known, it will be found that he is true, and was working in our interests."

"I hope so."

"I am sure it will turn out that way."

The two walked onward in silence for some time, and then Bob asked:

"How far is it to the British encampment, Dick?"

"I don't know, exactly. It is about two hours walk from our camp, though, I think."

"That would make it about six miles."

"Yes; and by the way, Bob, I guess it won't be any out of our way to go past the home of Mr. Lennox."

"That's the place where you had the fight with that fellow, eh?"

"Yes."

The youth had told Bob the story of his adventures of the evening before.

"That's all right, then, Dick. We might as well go past there if it isn't out of our way."

"I don't think it is."

After a walk of an hour, they reached the road leading past the home of the Lennox's, but at a point a quarter of a mile from the house. This was fortunate, for when they walked down the road, and came to the house, they found a dozen horses hitched to the fence.

"What does that mean, Dick?"

"It means redcoats, Bob, I'm thinking!" was Dick's reply.

"I shouldn't wonder."

"Yes, and they are in the house, I doubt not."

"Do you suppose it means trouble for the folks?"

"I am afraid so."

"Let's reconnoiter."

"All right; come along."

The two made their way to where the horses were, and then paused. An idea had come to Dick.

"Let's turn the horses loose," he said.

"I'm in for it!"

"It will be good fun to make the redcoats have to walk back to their encampment."

"So it will."

"But, hold on; why not lead the horses away, and tie them somewhere, back in the timber, where their owners can't find them, and then take them back to our own encampment when we go?"

"That is a good scheme, Dick."

So the youths proceeded to put this plan in execution, and managed to get the horses away without having attracted the attention of the redcoats.

The animals were led to a point deep in the woods, and tied, and then the youths hastened back, and again approached the house.

Thinking they could the better discover what the enemy was doing by going around to the rear of the house, they did, and here an astonishing sight met their gaze.

It was moonlight, so they could see quite well, and, standing under a tree in the back yard were the redcoats, and in their midst, with a rope around his neck, and the

rope thrown over a limb of the tree, was Mr. Lennox. Nearby, weeping and begging that the life of the husband and father might be spared, were Mrs. Lennox and Lucy.

"Great Guns, Dick," whispered Bob, "here is a go!"

"You are right," was the reply. "We must save Mr. Lennox, Bob!"

"I'm with you, old man, for making the attempt."

"Good! I think we can put them to flight."

"How will you do it?"

"I'll tell you. We'll rush right out upon them, yelling at the top of our voices, 'Come on, boys!' 'Now we've got them!' and such things as that, and will fire upon them as fast as we can."

"All right; that ought to set them going."

"I think so."

The youths drew their pistols, and, holding one in either hand, got ready for the attempt.

While doing so they heard one of the redcoats say:

"You are a rebel, Dave Lennox, and as such you must die! We are going to hang you now. Are you ready, boys?"

"Ready!" came the reply from the men holding the rope.

"Then, pull him up!"

The men started to pull on the rope, wild screams escaped the lips of Mrs. Lennox and Lucy, and at the same instant Dick and Bob rushed toward the redcoats, yelling at the top of their voices.

"We've got them now, boys," cried Bob.

Crack, crack!

"Come on, boys! Don't let one of the rascals escape!" from Dick.

Crack, crack!

The sudden appearance of the youths on the scene came as a surprise to the redcoats, and the words of the two frightened them. They thought they were being attacked by a stronger force than their own, and letting go of the rope, they fled at the top of their speed, leaving three of their party lying dead on the ground.

The two youths kept up a loud shouting, for they wished to keep the enemy flying. If the redcoats were to take time to stop and reconnoiter, and see that they were attacked by only two, then they would turn and put Dick and Bob to flight.

They were so badly frightened they did not pause long enough to make the discovery, however, but continued running at their best speed, until they disappeared in the timber two hundred yards distant.

Meanwhile Dick had cut the bonds binding Mr. Lennox's arms, and had removed the rope from around his neck.

This done, he left the man to the care of his wife daughter, and called to Bob to come back.

"They may stop, now that they have reached the ter of the timber," he said; "so we had better be careful."

Mr. and Mrs. Lennox and Lucy were profuse in thanks to Dick and Bob for saving the life of the father, but the two simply laughed the matter off.

"We do not wish to be thanked," said Dick. "We are glad to be able to render you assistance in your time of need. Say no more."

"Oh, but we must thank you," said Mr. Lennox, earnestly. "Just think what we already owed you for doing what you did for Lucy last night, and now you have saved my life! We can never repay you for what you have done."

"Nor do we wish to be repaid; it is all right. And now you folks had better get in the house and bar the doors. The redcoats are likely to come back, and you will do well not to give them another chance at you."

"I won't give them another chance at me, if I can help it. They knocked at the door, and I opened it without thinking that I was in any danger, and they seized me and carried me around to the tree, and were going to hang me."

"Well, stay in the house, behind barred doors until they have taken their departure from this part of the country. They will come back to get their horses, you know, and Bob and I will hide just across the road, and warn them to go away and stay away."

"Very well."

Mr. and Mrs. Lennox and Lucy entered the house and closed and barred the doors, while Dick and Bob went out to the road, crossed it, and hid among the trees at the farther side.

"Say, they'll be mad when they find their horses gone, eh, Dick?" said Bob, with a chuckle.

"They will, for a fact, Bob."

"Well, I'm glad we got the horses away."

"So am I, and if we can get them to our own encampment, they will come in very handy."

"So they will."

The youths had reloaded their pistols, and now, with the weapons held in readiness for instant use, they watched and waited for the coming of the redcoats.

They did not have long to wait. Perhaps ten minutes had elapsed since they took up their position, and then they saw the redcoats come stealing around the house, and out to the road.

At once a wild chorus of exclamations went up from the

redcoats, the exclamations being followed by volleys of curses.

"Those scoundrelly rebels have stolen our horses!" the youths heard one of the dragoons say.

"So they have!" from another.

"The scoundrels!" from a third.

"Jove!" from the first speaker; "I have a good mind to burn this rebel's house down over his head!"

"Yes, yes! Let's do it!" was the cry.

"I guess we'll have to take a little hand in the conversation, eh, Dick?" from Bob.

"Yes, Bob." Then Dick lifted up his voice, and called out:

"We will give you just five minutes to make yourselves scarce around here! We have you covered with our weapons, and could riddle you, but if you will go away at once, and promise to never again bother Mr. Lennox's folks, we will spare you."

"Let's not do anything of the kind, captain," said one of the dragoons in a low voice. "There are not more than three or four of the scoundrels, or they would have fired upon us, and tried to kill all of us, rather than try to get us to go away."

"That does seem reasonable," the captain replied; "well, get ready, and at the word, charge the scoundrels."

"All right," was the reply in a low chorus.

The youths heard the murmur of the voices, however, and expected that the redcoats were up to some kind of a trick.

"You will be wise if you don't try any tricks!" called out Dick warningly; "if you try any, and get into trouble, you will have only yourselves to blame for it."

"Charge!" roared the captain of the dragoons, and the redcoats came rushing across the road, straight toward the point where the youths were concealed.

"Give it to them, Bob!" cried Dick, and the youths fired four shots in rapid succession, and dropped three of the enemy.

This was too much for the redcoats, who paused, whirled, and then fled up the road at the top of their speed.

"Don't venture back, if you value your lives!" called out Dick, and although no reply came back there was little doubt that the fugitives heard and understood.

"I think that will be enough for them," said Bob. "I don't believe they will venture back. They have lost half their number, and that is enough to put a damper on them."

"So it is."

The youths waited perhaps ten minutes, and then, hearing

nothing more from the enemy, they emerged from the timber and went to the house.

"Now, if you will get a spade, Mr. Lennox," said Dick, "Bob and I will help you bury the dead redcoats."

The farmer got the spade, and the three proceeded to bury the six dead redcoats.

"I don't think the British will bother you again to-night, Mr. Lennox," said Dick; "so we will be going."

"Where are you bound for?"

"We are going to the British encampment on a spying expedition."

"Well, be very careful. That is dangerous work."

"So it is, sir; but we have had considerable experience in that line, and I guess we will be able to do the work in safety."

Then the youths bade the members of the Lennox family good-night, and took their departure.

They walked up the road in the direction that had been taken by the fugitive redcoats a short time before, and half a mile up the road they turned a bend in the road—to find themselves confronted by an Indian.

The Indian was Keenawhee!

CHAPTER VIII.

CAPTURED.

"Keenawhee!" exclaimed Dick.

"Our Indian friend!" from Bob.

"Ugh!" grunted the Indian. "Where white brothers goin'?"

"See here, Keenawhee," said Dick, somewhat sternly; "are we your white brothers, sure enough, or are you playing us false?"

"You Keenawhee's brothers. Me no play false. Me good Injun—heap hones'—no play trick, like bad white men."

"You are sure you are honest, and true to us, Keenawhee?"

"Ugh. Heap sure."

"Then what makes you act so queerly?"

"How me act queer?"

"Why, in slipping away from the encampment, without letting anyone know where you were going."

"Oh, that nothin'. That way Indian do. He no can do like white sojers. They haf to do jes' what one man say; Keenawhee no can do that, so he slip away."

"Well, what have you been doing?"

"Me be'n keepin' watch on redcoat camp."

"You have?"

"Ugh."

"Have you learned anything of importance?"

"No learn much. No matter, big white chief, in tent, he no b'leeve Keenawhee, ennyhow."

"You mean General Gates?"

"Ugh. Big chief. He no like Injun."

"Say, the redskin knows more than a fellow would think for, eh, Dick?" chuckled Bob.

"That's right, Bob." Then to the Indian: "So you think Gates does not like you?"

"Me know. Keenawhee have heap good eyes."

"Well, you are right in your suspicion, Keenawhee, but you must acknowledge that to slip away as you did last night is not calculated to strengthen anyone's confidence in you."

"But Keenawhee capter redcoat—bring um into patriot camp. That prove that Injun honest an' true."

"Well, that did have some influence with General Gates, and if you hadn't slipped away in the night, I believe he would have had faith in you."

"Me no could stay. Me mus' be out in timber—no can stay in camp. Me true to white brothers—hep um, much, if want."

"All right, Keenawhee. I believe in you, and trust you."

"Ugh. Heap good!"

"And if you will guide us to the camp of the redcoats, we will be much obliged to you."

"Me show white brothers."

He turned on his heel, and led the way up the road a distance of half a mile, and then he turned aside, and entered the timber, the youths keeping close behind him.

Ten minutes of this, and then Keenawhee paused, and pointed through an opening between the trees growing on the side of a little knoll, on the top of which they were standing.

"There redcoat camp," he murmured.

Campfires could be seen burning down at the foot of the knoll and men could be seen moving about.

"Thanks, Keenawhee," whispered Dick; "now we will see if we can enter the camp, and find out what General Gates wishes to know."

"I s'pose big chief b'leeve what white brothers say," said the Indian.

"Yes."

"Well, white brother want to be ver' careful, or they be captered," the Indian warned.

"Yes, we will be careful, Keenawhee."

The youths leaned forward, and peered down upon the encampment for two or three minutes, in silence, and then Dick turned to speak to Keenawhee—to find the Indian gone.

He had disappeared so silently that the youths had not known it when he went.

"Say, that beats the Dutch, Dick!" exclaimed Bob, in a low, cautious tone. "When and where did that redskin go?"

"I don't know."

"Neither do I. Say, he's a queer one, isn't he?"

"Yes, but I believe he is true to us."

"Do you really think so?"

"Yes. I think he is honest, and that he is acting fair with us."

"Well, I hope so."

"Oh, I am sure of it; but, come, we must get to work."

"So we must. What is the first thing on the program?"

"We will slip down as close to the encampment as we can without being discovered, and see what the redcoats are doing."

"All right; you go ahead, and I will follow."

Dick led the way, and they stole down the side of the knoll, until they reached the edge of the little valley in which the British encampment lay. Here, hidden behind trees, they watched what was going on with interest.

They had been in this position perhaps twenty minutes when of a sudden there was a crackling in the brush just behind them; and as they whirled, to see what was making the noise, they found themselves seized by strong hands, and dark forms were all around them.

The youths struggled fiercely, but their assailants outnumbered them six to one, and they were speedily overcome, and their wrists bound together behind their backs. Then the captors, who were British soldiers, led the youths out into the open, and on into the encampment.

The coming of the redcoats with the two prisoners occasioned considerable excitement, and a great crowd collected, to look at the youths.

"Where did you find them?"

"What are they, rebels?"

"Are they spies?"

"What are you going to do with them?"

"Who are you two fellows?"

Such were a few of the exclamations given utterance to by the British soldiers, but the youths made no reply.

"Bring the prisoners this way," some one called out, after awhile; "General Burgoyne wishes to interview them."

Dick and Bob looked at each other dubiously. They felt that they were in great danger. They would be taken for spies, without doubt, and would be shot or hanged, likely. It was not a pleasant prospect, but they said nothing, and maintained an undaunted front.

The captors led the youths along, and presently paused in front of a large tent. This was the headquarters of General Burgoyne, and the two "Liberty Boys" were soon standing in the British general's presence.

The general eyed them searchingly, and the youths met his gaze unflinchingly. They were veterans, and were brave to rashness. They were not the youths to be frightened by being brought into the presence of the commander of the British forces.

"Well," said General Burgoyne, after having finished his survey of the prisoners, "who are you two young fellows?"

"We are farmer boys, sir," replied Dick.

"Say you so?" with a peculiar smile; "so you are farmer boys?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where do you live?"

"About six miles from here."

"In which direction?"

"North and west, sir—on the Mohawk."

"Ah! What are you doing over here in this part of the country?"

"Some of our horses strayed away, sir, and we came in this direction to look for them."

General Burgoyne gazed searchingly at the youths.

"Humph!" he grunted presently; "do you think I credit your story?"

"It is the truth, sir."

"You cannot deceive me, boy."

"I am not trying to do so, sir."

"I fear you have not many scruples in regard to speaking what is not true, young man!"

"I have spoken no word but the truth, so far, sir."

The general laughed drily.

"There is an old saying that 'all is fair in love or war,' and these are war times. I think, too, that you have heard that saying, my boy."

"Oh, yes, sir; I've heard the saying."

"And have been putting it in practice, eh?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know what I think?" asked the general, after a few moments.

"No, sir."

"I think that you two young fellows are rebels," went on Burgoyne, calmly; "and I think, moreover, that you are spies!"

"I assure you that you are wrong, sir."

"You could not make me believe so in a week, my boy; but I have some work which I wish to attend to to-night, so will defer my examination of you till morning. Take them away," this last to the men who had led the prisoners into the tent.

The soldiers led the youths out of the tent, and away, to the edge of the encampment, where they tied Dick and Bob to two trees a few yards apart.

Two soldiers were placed on guard over them, and then the camp resumed its customary appearance of quietness.

"Well, what do you think of this, old man?" asked Bob, when the sentinels were at the farther end of their beats.

"It is bad, Bob."

"Bad is no name for it. Say, do you suppose the Indian is responsible for this?"

"You mean do I think he betrayed us?"

"Yes."

"I hardly know what to think, Bob."

"It looks a bit suspicious, it seems to me."

"Yes, but somehow I cannot help thinking that Keenawhee is true to us."

"Ugh! White brother right!" came in a low, guttural voice from some brush near at hand. "Keenawhee is true to white brothers. Wait. Injun come back bime-by, an' set white boys free! Mus' wait till sojers get to sleep."

"Great guns! that's him, now!" said Bob in an amazed but cautious voice.

"You are right, Bob." Then in a slightly louder voice the youth said: "We will wait patiently, and be on the lookout for you, Keenawhee!"

"Heap good!" came back in the Indian's voice. "White brothers be careful; redcoat man comin'."

The sentinel was approaching, and the youths became silent.

CHAPTER IX.

IN GREAT DANGER.

When the sentinel had gone back to the farther end of his beat the youths again called out cautiously to Keenawhee, but received no reply.

"He's gone," said Bob.

"I guess you are right, Bob; but I didn't hear him go, did you?"

"No."

"He's wonderfully skillful at woodcraft, isn't he?"

"Yes, he beats anyone I have ever known."

"Well, I hope he will be able to rescue us."

"So do I. And I think he will succeed, too."

The youths became silent, for the sentinel was returning, and this time, when he got there, he paused, and began pacing back and forth only a few yards distant.

The youths did not like this very well, but could not help themselves.

"Well, you fellows have got yourselves in a pretty mess, haven't you," the sentinel said after awhile.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Dick. "We couldn't help it."

"No, of course not; but why didn't you stay away from the camp?"

"We stumbled upon it by accident, and probably would have gone away had not some of your men leaped upon us and made us prisoners."

"Oh, that is the way of it, eh?"

"Yes."

The sentinel said no more, but continued to pace backward and forward for more than an hour, when he was relieved, another coming in his place.

Another hour passed, and the youths began to grow impatient.

Why did not the Indian make the attempt to rescue them?

What was he waiting for?

The entire camp—with the exception of the sentinels—was now wrapped in slumber, and if it would be possible to free the youths at all, this was a good a time as any. The sentinel presently paused, and stood, gazing toward the heart of the encampment, and of a sudden the youths, whose faces were in the other direction, saw a dark form stealing along.

So silently and stealthily did the dark form move that one would almost have imagined it to be a shadow; but the youths knew better. They knew it was Keenawhee, their Indian friend.

And he was creeping closer and closer to the sentinel.

There was another sentinel, but he was some distance away.

Closer and closer crept the dark form. Presently it was right behind the sentinel, and was ready for action.

First striking the redcoat sentinel a deathblow with his

hunting-knife, the "Liberty Boys" Indian friend crept up behind the prisoners—first Dick and then Bob—and cut their bonds.

They were free!

Their hearts bounded with delight, but at the same time they realized that they were not by any means safe as yet.

They were free from their bonds, but they were not yet out of the British encampment.

There were other sentinels near at hand.

Fortunately, however, they were not far from the edge of the encampment, and this would make it a much more simple matter to get away than it would have been had they been near the center.

They left their places against the trees, and moved slowly and carefully toward the thicker timber, from the midst of which Keenawhee had come.

He was in advance of them, and moved slowly, as he feared that if the youths attempted to move more briskly they would make such a noise as would attract the attention of the sentinels.

As it was, they were not to get away unseen. One of the sentinels happened to catch sight of them as they stole along, and he gave utterance to a wild yell, and fired his musket.

The bullet went wild, as the soldier had not stopped to take aim, but the noise of the shot, and the yelling which the man kept up soon aroused the camp, and the redcoats were seen leaping to their feet and seizing their muskets with great alacrity.

"Follow me!" said Keenawhee, and he darted away.

The youths leaped into a run, and followed their Indian friend at wonderful speed.

Doubtless Keenawhee himself was surprised when he looked back and saw the youths close at his heels, for a grunt escaped his lips, and he increased his speed.

"White boys heap good runners!" he muttered. "That heap much good."

Onward they dashed, and they could hear the sounds of pursuit quite plainly, for it was a night when sounds traveled with ease.

But the British soldiers could never overtake a red man of the forest and two youths as expert as himself, and the fugitives rapidly drew away, until they could hear no sounds of pursuit.

Then Keenawhee paused.

"White brothers go on now, by selves," he said quietly.

"We can do so, yes. But where are you going?"

"Me go to camp where more Injuns be."

"But I thought you were going to be our friend and help us fight for independence, Keenawhee," said Dick.

"That what me goin' t' do."

"Then why not come on to the patriot encampment with us?"

"Me want try t' git more Injuns t' he'p fight fur independence."

"Really, Keenawhee, is that your reason for going to the Indian camp?"

"Ugh. That reason."

"All right, and if you can persuade them to help us fight for independence, do so."

"Me will."

"Good! Well, good-bye."

"Good-bye. See white brother 'fore ver' long."

Then they parted, the Indian turning away at almost right angles, the youths continuing onward.

They had not gone more than half a mile when they were suddenly set upon by eight or nine men, who leaped out from behind some brush, and although they struggled fiercely, they were overpowered, and their hands bound together behind their backs.

"Who are you, and why have you done this?" asked Dick.

A hoarse laugh was the only answer.

"Tell us why you have set upon us and made us prisoners," said Dick.

"Ye'll know soon enuff," was the gruff reply, from the one who seemed to be leader.

"Who are you fellows?"

"Thet don' matter."

"Who do you think we are?"

"Oh, we know who ye air."

"You do?"

"Yas."

"Who are we?"

"That's all right."

There seemed to be nothing to be gained by questioning the fellow, so Dick desisted.

The little party, with Dick and Bob in its midst, was soon making its way through the timber in a different direction from the one the youths had been pursuing, and a half hour later a log cabin was reached.

The cabin stood deep in the woods, down in a sort of gully, and so well concealed was it that a person might have passed within fifty feet of it without suspecting its presence.

One of the men opened the door and entered, the others following with the prisoners.

A candle was burning in the one room of the cabin, and a glance around quickly told the youths into whose hands they had fallen.

For lying on a rude cot at one side of the room was Harold Wardmore, the man with whom Dick had had the encounter at the home of Lucy Lennox, and whom he had accidentally wounded with his own knife.

Wardmore was awake, and the instant his eyes fell upon Dick's face they became filled with a look of fiendish delight.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed. "So you are in my power, you young scoundrel!"

"It would seem so," replied Dick coolly.

"It is so; and I shall make you pay dearly for this little wound in my shoulder!"

"You are to blame for the wound yourself."

"You lie!"

"Oh, come," smiled Dick; "don't indulge in such language. It is unbecoming one who pretends to be a man, and besides, if you allow yourself to become excited, it may be bad for your wounded shoulder."

"Bah! My shoulder is all right. Who is the other fellow?"

"I don't know," replied Dick promptly. "I just happened to run across him in the timber, and as he has never done anything to you, you had better set him free and let him go."

"Oh, ho! That would be a nice thing to do, wouldn't it?" said the outlaw leader. "You can't fool me by any such statement as that. He is a friend of yours, and as such will have to share your fate."

"Oh, pshaw! That isn't treating him fairly at all."

"Yes it is. I know my business, and I am not at all sorry to have two victims instead of one."

"Oh, I suppose not. Why not send out and bring in a few more and treat them roughly, just because you have a grudge against me?"

"That's all right. The young fellow is a friend of yours, and will have to suffer."

"What are you going to do with us?"

"Keep you prisoners until to-morrow, and then I will decide what your fate shall be."

"What is our fate likely to be?"

"Well, yours will be death!"

There was a fierceness about the fellow's looks and tone that proved he meant what he said.

"Death, you say?" inquired Dick, coolly.

"Yes."

"Oh, pshaw! Aren't you putting it on a bit heavy?"

"Not a bit. Look at me here, a wounded and helpless man, all of which is your work. You must and shall die."

"Some time."

"To-morrow."

"Oh, I guess you don't mean it."

"You will see!"

Then the leader of the band ordered that the prisoners' ankles be bound, the same as their wrists, and this was done.

"Now tumble the pair of them down on the floor," was the next order; "and whatever you do, don't let them escape. If you do the man who is responsible, or at fault, will die!"

The youths were rolled over to one side of the room, out of the way, and the members of the band soon afterward lay down, with the exception of one, who remained up, seemingly for the purpose of keeping watch over the prisoners and attend to the needs of the wounded leader.

All the men were soon asleep, with the exception of Harold Wardmore and the man on watch. Dick and Bob, though pretending to be asleep, were wide awake, for they were determined to make an attempt to escape if the opportunity presented itself.

Next Wardmore went to sleep, and later on the man on watch dozed off, and then Dick and Bob began working at their bonds, in the hope that they might be able to free themselves.

They made very slow work of this, for the ropes had been tied tightly, but nothing daunted, they kept steadily at it. They knew that they were working to save their lives, and feeling that they had only themselves to depend on, they could not afford to become discouraged.

It must have been two o'clock in the morning, the youths judged, when of a sudden there was a terrible crash, and the cabin-door flew off its hinges and fell broadside on the floor and on top of one of the sleeping outlaws!

CHAPTER X.

BACK IN THE PATRIOT ENCAMPMENT.

Unknown to Dick and Bob, there had been a witness to their capture by Wardmore's band.

Keenawhee had not gone away in the direction in which he started when he parted with the boys. Instead, he had quickly whirled and had followed close upon their heels.

What did it mean? Was he, after all, false to the "Liberty Boys"?

He kept close enough behind the youths so that he could keep on their trail, and consequently was within hearing and seeing distance when the men leaped upon the two and made prisoners of them.

Keenawhee had started forward, as if to go to the assistance of the two when the struggle first began, but paused and shook his head.

"No, Keenawhee do more good t' stay out uv fight," he said to himself; "bad white men too strong for white brothers an' Keenawhee, and Injun kin do more if free than if he try to he'p fight."

So he remained secreted near the scene of the struggle until it was ended and the youths were led away prisoners, and then he followed.

When they reached the log cabin and entered Keenawhee crept up close and listened to the conversation between Wardmore and Dick.

"Ugh. Heap good!" he said to himself; "bad white men no hurt Keenawhee's white brothers till 'morrer, an' Injun kin git braves an' come an' kill white men."

Then he stole away through the timber. Faster and faster he walked, till he was going in the long, loping gait used by Indians in traveling distances, and this was kept up for two hours.

Then he came to an Indian village on the bank of the Mohawk River. That he was well known here was evident, for he was greeted with guttural cries of pleasure by the braves seated about the campfires.

This was the tribe to which Keenawhee belonged, and he at once began talking to a lot of the young braves. He talked wholly in the Indian language, and told them how his life had been saved by a young white man, who had shot the bear that was about to chew him into bits, and then he went on and told how he had become the friend of the white man, and how he had promised to be true to his white brother and help fight for liberty. Then he told how the young man was a prisoner in the hands of some bad white men, and asked his brother braves to go with him and help kill the bad white men and free the white brother and a comrade of his who was with him.

There is little doubt that the desire to kill the bad white men had more to do with it than the desire to help Keenawhee free his two white friends, but be that as it may, the braves said they were ready and willing to go and do what their brother brave wished them to do.

"Come, then," said Keenawhee, "it is a long way, and will take us a long time to get there."

A score of braves accompanied him, and they set out through the timber under his guidance. Keenawhee did not go quite so fast now, as there were too many in the party, and there was no real necessity for haste, anyway.

They were perhaps two hours and a half in making the journey, and then they reached the cabin.

Keenawhee reconnoitered, and tried the door, to find it fastened.

This he had expected, however, and was prepared for.

"Bad white men all asleep, I think," he said, when he returned to where the others were; "the door fastened, an' we mus' break it down. Hunt roun' till you fin' good, big log. With it we break door down."

The braves immediately scattered and began hunting around, and soon a peculiar call from the direction taken by one of the Indians drew the others to the spot.

"Here heap good log," the brave remarked; "with it we kin knock door down one lick."

"You right," agreed Keenawhee; "lif' up log, an' bring 'long."

The braves did so, and were soon standing before the cabin, the log held in their strong hands.

"When I say word, bu'st door down," said Keenawhee; "then drop log an' rush in an' kill all bad white men. Don' hurt two good white men. You will know um by they havin' ropes on arms an' legs."

The braves nodded assent, and then at a word from Keenawhee they ran quickly forward and struck the door a terrible blow with the butt end of the log. The door, while barred on the inside, had not been constructed to withstand any such shock as this, and flew off the hinges and fell to the floor, as already told at the close of the preceding chapter.

Then, with wild yells and whoops, the redskins rushed into the cabin, and in less time than it takes to tell it they had put every member of Wardmore's band—the wounded leader included—to death with tomahawk and knife !

The outlaws had leaped up and made an attempt to resist, but had had no chance at all, as they were drowsy and could hardly see. It was like a strange, terrible nightmare to them, and when they awoke it was in the other world.

Keenawhee had taken note of the position of Dick and Bob the instant he entered, and had leaped to their sides, for he feared that in their zeal and ferocity some of his brother braves might deal his young friends deathblows with knife or tomahawk.

He was ample protection for the youths, however, and

none of his brother braves attempted to attack the two. When the outlaws were all dead Keenawhee cut the ropes binding Dick's and Bob's arms, and they sat up and rubbed their limbs to get the blood to circulating.

"You have rescued us again, Keenawhee!" exclaimed Dick, with gratitude in his tones. "That is twice in one night that you have practically saved our lives. You are getting us very deeply in your debt."

"Keenawhee glad if save white brothers," the Indian said, simply. "All that Injun ask is that white brothers b'leeve Keenawhee true to um."

"Well, I guess we cannot help believing it now, Keenawhee!"

"That's right, Keenawhee!" added Bob. "You are true as true can be."

"Speck white brothers think it bad for to kill white men," the Indian said, noting that the youths were looking around them, upon the dead bodies of the outlaws, "but they ver' bad white men."

"We know that, Keenawhee," said Dick; "and I guess they deserved the fate that overtook them."

"Ugh. They rob other white people—steal much—kill other white people, an' then say Injuns do it."

"I judge they have done all those things, and more."

"Ugh. Heap bad men. Do almos' ennything."

"Well, they won't do it any more after to-night."

"No, Keenawhee think not," and something very like a grim smile appeared on the Indian's visage, proving that he was not wholly devoid of a sense of grim humor.

After some discussion it was decided that the youths would start at once for the patriot army encampment, but as they were not sure of their way, Keenawhee said he would guide them. He had a short conference with the braves, in the Indian language, and then, with Dick and Bob, took his departure.

An hour and a half of rapid walking, and then Keenawhee paused, and said:

"Go straight ahead, two, three minutes; then white brothers come to camp of sojers with blue coats."

"Are you not coming with us?" asked Dick.

"Not now; goin' back. Keenawhee want try t' git Injun braves t' come with um, an' he'p fight fur independence."

"Do you think you can succeed?"

"Dunno. Keenawhee kin try."

"All right; do the best you can. Get as many of your Indian friends to come and join us as you possibly can."

"Keenawhee will."

Then he turned and strode away.

The youths moved forward, and a few minutes later were greeted with the familiar call:

"Who goes there?"

"Friends," replied Dick.

"Advance, friends, and give the countersign."

The youths did so, and as they had the countersign, they gave it, and were permitted to enter the encampment.

They went at once to the quarters occupied by the "Liberty Boys," and lay down and were soon asleep. They had had some narrow escapes; their lives had been in danger, but it did not have any effect on them. They slept as peacefully as if they had never been called upon to run the risk of losing their lives.

After breakfast next morning they visited the headquarters tent and reported to General Gates.

He listened to their story, and when they had finished he thanked them for the information which they had brought; but when Dick asked him what he now thought about Keenawhee, the Indian, he shook his head, and said that he hardly knew what to think.

"I am not convinced that he is to be trusted," the general said; "he is an Indian, and like all such is cunning, and the chances are that in acting as he has toward you he has some deep scheme which he hopes to make a success."

"I hardly think so, sir," said Dick. "I am confident that he is true to us, and that he will fight for independence when we meet the British in battle array."

"Yes, and he will likely have a lot of braves with him," said Bob.

The youths said no more, but took their departure.

"The general don't think very much of Indians, does he?" remarked Bob, as they walked away.

"No, and I can't say that I blame him for feeling that way, as far as Indians in general are concerned; but Keenawhee is different. He is an unusually intelligent redskin, and he is so grateful to me for saving his life that he will be true to us, I am sure."

Shortly after noon, that day, Keenawhee entered the encampment and came to Dick with the information that Burgoyne's army was advancing toward the point occupied by the patriot army.

CHAPTER XI.

INDIAN RECRUITS.

The youth made searching inquiries, and drew forth all the information possessed by the Indian, and then he hastened to General Gates with it.

The patriot commander listened and then said:

"This may be true, and it may not be."

"I have no doubt of its truth, sir."

"Well, I am not so sure. I will have to have corroborative evidence."

"Let me go and spy upon the British, sir," said Dick.

"Very well; you have confidence in this Indian. You go with him and have him show you that he has told the truth; then when you come to me and tell me that it is true, I will believe it."

"Very well, sir."

Dick returned to where Keenawhee was awaiting his coming, and said to him:

"Will you guide me to a spot where I can observe the movements of the British?"

"Yes; me guide white brother."

"All right. Come along."

The Indian said not a word, but strode away, Dick keeping close by his side.

Onward through the timber they went, for more than two hours, and then Keenawhee came to a stop on the top of a knoll which overlooked the country for miles around.

"If white brother climb up in tree," he said, "him can see redcoats."

"All right; up I go."

The youth climbed the tree, and was soon in the very top. He looked down into the valley, and sure enough he saw the British army on the march.

It was toiling along, like some huge vari-colored animal, and Dick watched its progress with interest.

"Yes, there is no doubt that Burgoyne is headed for the Hudson," he murmured. "Well, I will remain here and keep watch till they go into camp this evening."

He watched for an hour or more, and then called out to his Indian friend:

"Hello, down there, Keenawhee, how are you getting along?"

"Oh, all right, thank you," came back in unmistakably English accents; "how are you getting along up there in the tree, Mr. Rebel?"

"Great guns!—a redcoat!" thought Dick, and he looked down through the branches of the tree.

To his amazement and consternation he saw a party of perhaps a score of redcoats, and they had surrounded the tree, and were looking up at him with grins of triumph on their faces.

What had become of Keenawhee?

Had he been made a prisoner?

Where had he gone?

Such were the questions which went through Dick's mind, but of course he could not answer them. He simply stared down at the British soldiers in amazement.

"Who are you fellows?" asked Dick, having decided upon his course.

"Who are we?"

"Yes."

"We are British soldiers, can't you see?"

"Oh, so you are. I hadn't noticed your uniforms. But what do you mean by calling me a rebel?"

"Just what we say."

"I'm not a rebel."

"Oh, aren't you?"

The tone proved that the man did not believe what Dick said.

"No."

"What are you, then?"

"A boy up a tree."

"Ha, ha, ha! So you are. That is a self-evident fact. And you are a rebel up a tree, too!"

"You are wholly mistaken, sir."

"Not a bit of it."

"Yes you are."

"Bah! What are you doing up in the tree?"

"Watching the British army march."

"Watching it march, eh?"

"Yes."

"Then you're a spy."

"Oh, no."

"Why are you watching the British army then?"

"Just for fun."

"For fun, eh?"

"Yes."

"You don't expect me to believe that, do you?"

"Of course."

"Well, you will be disappointed. We are not such fools as that."

"It's the truth that I have told you, just the same."

"Bah! Who are you?"

"I'm a farmer boy."

"Bosh!"

"It's true."

"Where do you live?"

"Three miles from here, to the southward."

"What are you doing up here?"

"I came up here in search of one of our horses that has strayed away."

"And thought you might find the horse up in the tree, eh?"

"No."

"Why did you get up there, then?"

"To look at the country, and see which way I had better go."

"Humph!"

"And then, happening to see the army marching, I have remained up here to watch it, just out of curiosity."

"Likely story."

"It's true."

"In places. The next thing you intended doing was to go to the rebel army and tell what you have seen."

"Oh, no; you are mistaken."

"I don't think so; come down!"

"What?"

"I say, come down out of that tree!"

"What for?"

"Because I tell you to."

"You are not my boss."

"You'll find that I am. Come down, I want to look at you."

"And if I refuse?"

"Then my men will bring you down with bullets, just as if you were one of the 'coons or wildcats of these delectable wilds."

"What!" cried Dick, in a tone of simulated fright.

"You heard what I said!"

"But—surely you—you wouldn't—wouldn't shoot a—fellow, would you?"

"Ha, ha, ha! What do you think we are, anyway?—just play soldiers? Why, my rebel friend, we would as lieve put a dozen bullets through you and drop you out of the tree as to wait for you to climb down, so you had better hurry."

"But——"

"No 'buts' about it, I tell you. The boys here would like a chance to see you come tumbling down, so climb, quickly, or it will be too late."

As the redcoat finished speaking he gave the men a signal, and they leveled their muskets.

"Jove! I don't like this at all," thought Dick; "but I guess I had better climb down, as the gentleman so urgently requests."

He at once began to climb down, simulating haste and excitement, but at the same time making not very rapid headway.

"Don't let them shoot, Mister British man," he said; "I'm coming down. Just tell your men to be very careful."

"All right; but hurry."

The youth made his way slowly downward, the redcoat

calling up to him to hurry, and at last he was standing on the lowest limb, and on the point of leaping to the ground, when there came an interruption.

Whish-swish! went something, and a shower of arrows struck among the redcoats, dropping six or seven, dead or wounded.

Then on the air rose the wild warwhoop of the redman of the forest.

Whish-swish! Again a shower of arrows came hurtling through the air, and two or three more of the redcoats fell.

"Indians!" shouted the leader of the British; "charge the red fiends, boys! They will not stand before us. Charge them, and fire the instant you get sight of one of the scoundrels!"

Again there was the swishing sound, and two or three more of the redcoats went down, with cries of agony.

This was too much for the rest. They fired one volley, at random, and then turned and fled for their lives, going in the direction of the main force of the British down in the valley.

Dick, who from his position in the tree, had a good chance to see what was going on, saw the redskins dash after the redcoats, and said to himself that more of the British would fall before they succeeded in reaching the protection of the main army.

The "Liberty Boy" waited patiently, and half an hour later he saw the Indians coming. They were soon at the spot, and as he had expected would be the case, Keenawhee was at their head.

"Did bad redcoats take white brother by surprise?" asked the Indian.

"Yes," replied Dick. "I didn't know you had gone, and called down to you, and was surprised to hear a white man answer. It was the leader of the redcoat band, and he made me climb down. I don't know what would have happened to me if you hadn't put in an appearance just when you did."

"Speck redcoats would have made white brother prisoner."

"Quite likely."

"Well, no do so enny more," was the meaning statement.

"Did you kill all of them, Keenawhee?"

"Not all; three got 'way."

"Three? Well, you came near making a clean sweep of it, didn't you?"

"Purty near. Now think white brother better come with Keenawhee. Redcoats be comin' this way dreckly."

"That's so," agreed Dick. "Well, which way are we to go?"

"Go to patriot camp, if white brother want."

The youth uttered an exclamation of surprise, and looked inquiringly at the two score young braves who stood near.

"Is that a fact, Keenawhee?" he asked. "Will these young braves go with us and fight for independence?"

Keenawhee pointed to the dead forms of the redcoats.

"Don't that prove?" he asked sententiously.

"Yes, so it does. Well, I am glad of it, Keenawhee, and I will take you into my company, and you shall lead your brother braves while I lead my 'Liberty Boys'."

"Ugh. White brother lead; we follow."

"Very well; have it that way if you like, Keenawhee. You may rest assured that I appreciate your kindness in getting some recruits for the ranks of the patriot army from among your people."

"Ugh. That heap good. All Keenawhee ask is that he an' brother braves no haf t' be close to big white chief."

"You mean General Gates."

"Ugh. Big chief, he no like Keenawhee; no b'leve ennythin' Injun say."

"Well, I do, Keenawhee!"

"That all Keenawhee want. He like young white brother—save Injun's life—Keenawhee an' brother braves go where white brother say, fight fur um. But no want t' see big chief."

"Ugh. Heap good. Now better be goin'. Redcoats come bimeby—quick."

They at once set out through the timber, and had not gone far when they heard yells of rage behind them.

"Redcoats foun' dead sojers," said Keenawhee, tersely.

"You are right," agreed Dick.

"Heap mad!"

"Yes, that sounds as if they are."

"They like to git chance at Injuns an' white brother."

"No doubt; but they cannot catch us."

"No; redcoats no can git through woods so good as cow or hoss," and a grim smile came over his face.

"They can't ever hope to equal the skill of the red men of the forest, Keenawhee."

"No, but white brother, he heap good; he can git 'roun' an' make no noise."

"I was born and grew up in the timber, Keenawhee. I'm as much at home there as you are."

"Ugh. That one why Keenawhee like white brother."

If the redcoats gave chase, they were unable to make any headway, for Dick and his red friends did not hear any-

thing from the enemy, and two hours later arrived at the patriot encampment.

The arrival of Dick, in company with forty-one Indians, created no little interest and excitement, and the soldiers crowded near, to ask questions and learn the why and wherefore.

Dick hastily explained. "Be careful not to say or do anything to anger them, boys," he said. "They are all right, and true to the core, and will help us fight for independence when the time comes."

The "Liberty Boys" treated their new Indian allies with courtesy, and as if they were their equals in every way, and the braves soon began to feel at home. Plenty of tobacco was to be had in the encampment, the sutler having a large supply, and Dick purchased a quantity, and took it to Keenawhee, with instructions to issue it to his brother braves in such quantities as he saw fit.

"And when that is gone, there is plenty more," added Dick.

"Ugh! White brother heap much good!" said Keenawhee, his eyes snapping with delight; and he at once proceeded to divide the tobacco up among his braves, reserving two portions for himself as their chief.

The Indians were greatly pleased, and soon each and every one was puffing away at the handle of his tomahawk for dear life. The "hammer" side of the tomahawk proper was a bowl, and the handle was hollow, the tomahawk thus being at once a "pipe of peace" and an implement of warfare.

They talked together in guttural tones, their faces stolid, but there was a flash in the depths of the beadlike eyes which showed that they were pleased.

Dick at once made his way to the tent of General Gates, to make his report.

"What's this I hear about your having brought a band of redskins here with you, Dick?" he asked.

"It is true, sir. They are going to stay, and fight with us against the British."

"Well, they may do so," drily, "but my opinion is that they'll stay till the time comes to fight, and then quietly slip away."

"I don't think so, sir."

"Well, I hope not; we will wait and see."

After some further conversation, Dick saluted and withdrew, and General Gates sent out orderlies to call the officers to a council, to decide what action should be taken toward the British, who were now marching eastward, and coming nearer and nearer to the patriot encampment.

CHAPTER XII.

TWO BATTLES.

It was decided to remain where they were, and keep a sharp watch of the enemy.

"We have a strong position here," said General Arnold; "and can hold it, I am confident. Then, too, if the occasion offers, we can sally forth and attack the British."

All that was done, after that, for two days, was to keep watch of the movements of the British, and at the end of that time the enemy had taken up its position at Freeman's farm, which was distant a mile and a half to two miles from the American encampment on top of Bemis Heights.

Things remained quiet till the morning of the 19th of September, and then Burgoyne made up his mind that he would attempt an attack on the patriot army.

Burgoyne himself, in command of one portion of the army, marched southward, with the intention of turning the left flank of the patriot army, by going around the west side of Bemis Heights and attacking the enemy from the rear; he was to be aided in this by General Fraser with another force, and while they were doing this Generals Riedesel and Phillips were to come straight down the river road and make an attack in front.

It happened that Dick and Keenawhee had been assigned to scout duty that day, and they were ensconced in the tops of high trees on the side of the hill toward the British encampment. Their eyes were sharp, and presently they caught sight of something red flitting here and there among the dark green background of the trees.

"See anything, Keenawhee?" asked Dick presently.

"Ugh!" came the reply. "Injun see heap lot redcoats slippin' through timber."

"You are right; the British are moving, I am confident, and they intend to make an attack."

The youth called to Bob Estabrook, who was on the ground underneath the tree, and told him what they had seen, and instructed him to hasten to General Gates with the news. The youth did so, and Gates told him to carry the information to Arnold, who occupied an advanced position, with Morgan's riflemen and Dearborn's artillery and infantry.

Bob did this, and then returned to where the scouts were in the treetops, with instructions to watch carefully, and report the progress of the enemy as often as every fifteen minutes.

This was done, and by noon it was understood perfectly by Arnold just what the British were trying to do. He was a restless, daring officer, and he begged General Gates to permit him to take a portion of the patriot force and go down and offer battle to the British, without waiting for them to make the attack. Gates did not wish to do so, but finally gave in, and gave Arnold permission to take Morgan's riflemen and Dearborn's infantry and go forth and attack the enemy.

Dick asked permission to accompany Arnold, and it was granted, so the "Liberty Boys" to the number of one hundred, and their redskin allies to the number of forty-one went with Arnold's force.

No time was lost, but with characteristic vigor and energy Arnold charged down upon Burgoyne's advance at Freeman's farm, and a hot fight was soon in progress. Dick and his "Liberty Boys," and the Indians as well, fought like demons, and every few minutes the youths' battle-cry of "Down with the king! Long live Liberty!" was heard, and each time immediately following it would be heard the wild, thrilling war-cry of the Indians.

It was more than the British had bargained for. They had intended to do the attacking, but had slipped up on their calculations. They had to get up early in the morning to get ahead of Benedict Arnold, than whom, at that time, there was no more patriotic and enthusiastic adherent of the great cause of Liberty.

General Fraser, seeing that his friends were in trouble, turned aside and came to their assistance, only to find Arnold cutting in between his force and that of Burgoyne, and almost cutting it off. Indeed, Arnold would have succeeded in doing this had not Riedesel come hastily over from the river road and attacked him on the flank.

Arnold now sent one of the "Liberty Boys" to General Gates, asking that reinforcements be sent him at once, but for some reason the commanding general refused to do so.

"He was so eager to get into battle, now let him fight it out himself," he said.

And this is just what Arnold did do. Aided by the little band of veterans—Morgan's riflemen, Dearborn's infantry, the "Liberty Boys" and the Indians—he fought on with desperate valour and energy, and actually held his own for two hours, until darkness had settled over all, and then he withdrew, and returned to the fortified position off Bemis Heights.

The losses in this battle have been variously estimated at from six hundred to one thousand on each side, which is quite a large list, when it is considered that Arnold had

only three thousand men, while the British had about four thousand.

Burgoyne's army slept on the battle-field that night, and their general tried to think he had won a victory, but there is little doubt that it was in reality a defeat, since Arnold's action had totally disarranged the British general's plans, and brought his attempted attack to naught.

Arnold, who was bold and outspoken, claimed that General Gates had made a terrible blunder in not sending reinforcements. "Had he done so," said the fighting general, "I could easily have crushed the British center and defeated their army."

He was upheld in this view by Dick Slater, Morgan, and all the men who had been in the engagement, but Gates, when he became aware of what Arnold had said, was terribly angry. He sent for Arnold next morning, and the two had rather a warm time of it, in the course of the interview exchanging a number of left-handed compliments.

Arnold urged Gates to make an attack that morning.

"The enemy is disconcerted, and at a loss what move to make," he said, "and if we make a concerted attack we will be able to capture the entire force, I am confident."

But Gates said he did not think so, and the attack was not made. This further angered Arnold, and he spoke his mind so freely that General Gates, more as matter of spite than for any other known reason, withdrew Morgan's riflemen and Dearborn's infantry, together with Dick Slater's "Liberty Boys" from the fiery Arnold's division.

This was the last straw, as Arnold well knew the effectiveness of those veterans in a battle, and he protested so bitterly that a quarrel was the result, and Gates told the other that he might go back to General Washington's command as soon as he liked. Arnold said he would go, and asked for a pass, which was given him, but all the general officers, with the exception of Lincoln, uniting in signing a letter entreating him to remain, he decided to do so, though he hardly knew how far he was entitled to exercise command under the circumstances. He remained, however, waited as patiently as his fiery nature would permit, and eighteen days later, on the seventh of October, he took part in the second battle of Freeman's farm, covering himself with glory.

This was even a more desperate battle than the first battle had been. The British were outnumbered three to one, and Burgoyne, although a brave, gallant, and shrewd commander, would be unable to withstand the concerted attack of the patriot army. Realizing this, he on the morning of the 7th of October took the initiative. With fifteen hundred picked men he advanced and attempted to turn

the left flank of the patriot army. Morgan's men were there, however, and at once began a fierce attack, assisted by Dick Slater's "Liberty Boys" and the Indians, and also by some New England regulars and New York militia. The British line was broken and driven back, and Frazer, who was in command, attempted to form a second line farther back, and on the west border of the farm.

Up to this moment, General Arnold had taken no part in the battle, being seated in front of his tent, gazing down at the combat with eager eyes and excited bearing. Now he could restrain himself no longer, and although he did not really feel sure that he was entitled to command, he leaped upon his horse, which stood near, bridled and saddled, and galloped madly down and into the heat of the affray.

His coming was greeted with wild yells of delight and joy from the throats of the men who had fought under him so much, and who loved him on account of his bravery on the battlefield.

"Follow me, my brave boys!" Arnold cried, waving his sword, and with wild cheers the men dashed forward upon Fraser's only partially-formed line, and tore it to pieces, the gallant general, Fraser, falling at the moment Arnold appeared, pierced by a bullet from the weapon of one of Morgan's riflemen.

Close behind Arnold were Dick Slater and his "Liberty Boys," and close behind them were the Indians, fighting for independence with as much vim and energy as was displayed by the whites.

It was a lively battle, and Arnold and Dick Slater were everywhere, seemingly. After scattering Fraser's lines, they next attacked Lord Balcarras's force, which had retired behind some intrenchments at the north end of Freeman's farm. As a stiff resistance was encountered here, Arnold led his men against the Canadian auxiliaries a little farther to the northward, causing them to quickly take refuge in flight. This left the force under Breyman uncovered, and Arnold's force attacked it fiercely, while Morgan made a flank attack on the right. Breyman was killed and his force routed. The British right wing was now utterly crushed, and the day was carried for the patriot army.

At this instant a wounded German soldier, a member of

Riedesel's force, fired at Arnold, and killed the general's horse, the bullet passing through Arnold's leg and fracturing the bone just above the knee.

One of Arnold's men rushed toward the German, intent on bayonetting him, but even as he fell, with the horse partly on top of him, Arnold called out: "Don't hurt him! He's a fine fellow, and did only his duty." The soldier was saved, and Arnold lived to rue the fact that the bullet had not killed him, instead of merely wounding him.

The fall of Arnold, and the coming of darkness, brought the battle to a close. It was a great victory for the patriots, and was due to the dash, vigor, and bravery of Arnold more than to any other one factor. A close second in bringing about the result was the wonderful fighting of Dick Slater and his "Liberty Boys" and their Indian allies, Keenawhee and his braves. Arnold himself gave them great credit, and thanked them for the able and enthusiastic manner in which they had seconded his efforts.

The rest is a matter of history. Burgoyne retreated with the shattered remnant of his army, and finally was surrounded near Saratoga, and on the 17th of October surrendered.

Keenawhee, the "Liberty Boys" Indian friend, and his braves then returned to their haunts along the Mohawk, and the "Liberty Boys" got ready for new deeds of daring in the furtherance of the great cause.

THE END.

The next number (87) of "The Liberty Boys of '76" will contain "THE LIBERTY BOYS 'GOING IT BLIND'; OR, TAKING BIG CHANCES," by Harry Moore.

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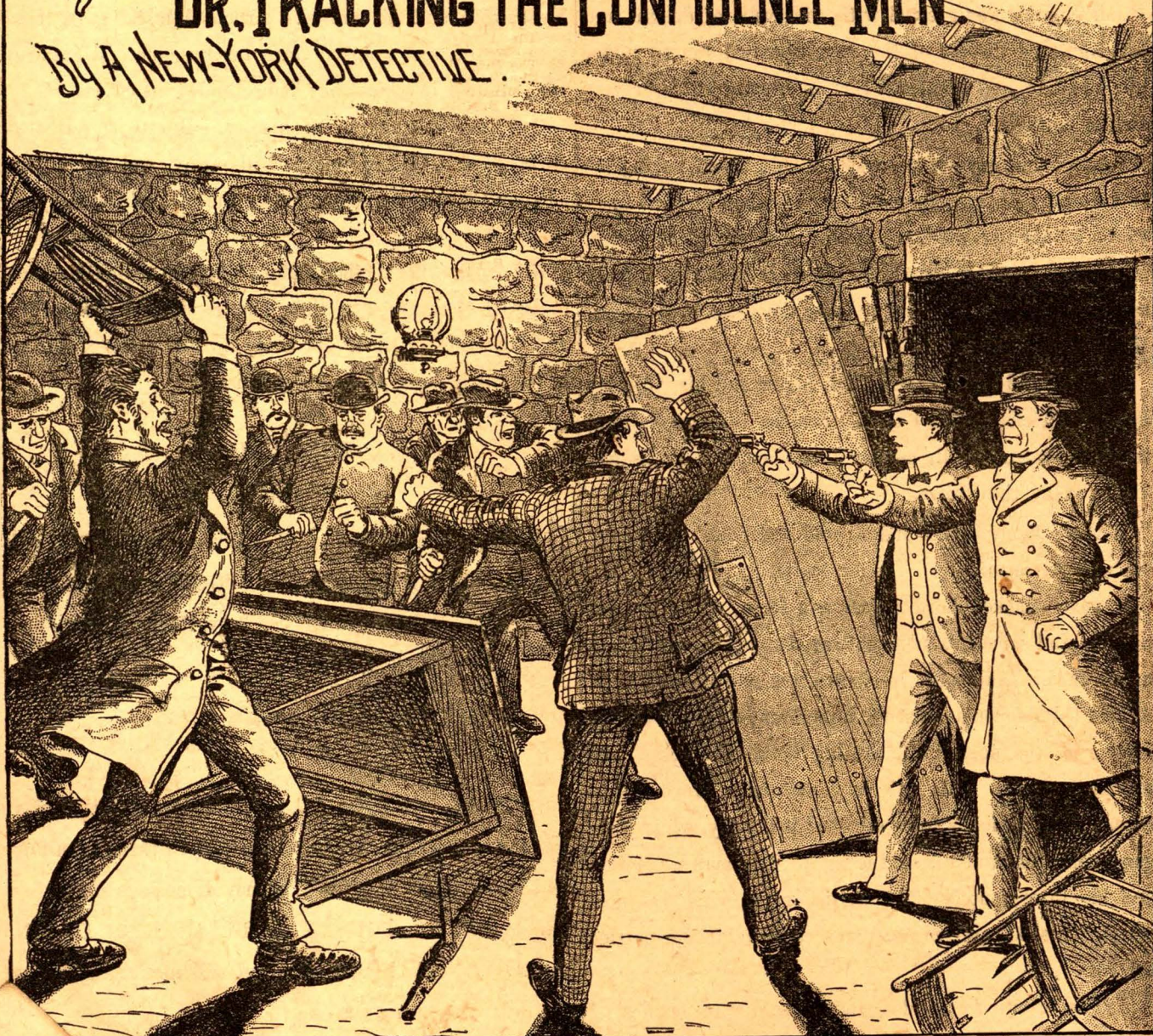
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